

S.

u Answer?

GRANDUM.

battle, mother, or
have in Jesus, wing
and part verse.

your answer!
singing by,
squandered,
King defied;
world's attractions,
every form,
from heaven,
to its doom.

be your answer
King you stand!
never know you,"
right angel hands!

your answer
ve spent in vain,
ve kingdom,
o was slain!
giving,
singing cry,
in least expected,
kins shall die.

your answer!
speak to thee,
angel message
a free;
ly listen,
God defy,
lifting nearer
d chilly tide.

Corner.

ANDERSON, NEW-
N.B.

Jordan.

tle band,
take our stand,
King's command,
corner.
not still in view,
I be true;
shall bless us, too,
corner.

OS:

on the corner,
of Jesus' love;
them in His blood,
on the corner.
fighting, too,

any street,
here we meet;
King and speak,
corner.
g pleasure vain,
worldly gain;
a again,
corner.

ee, we will fight,
with all our might;
there every night,
corner.
on earth is done,
glad well done;
e souls we have won,
corner.

AR NOW.

doubled about my sin
santa," said an aged
me, "but now all is

about?" I asked her.
blood of Christ?" she
as blood has washed
I can lie down in
if it pleased God that
sights I would awaken
could not sleep, so great
ry; but now, all is
that of Jesus, Who
died for a poor sin-
grace and iniquity

rejoicing in this peace-
Can you say like
dear now, the precious
ed away all my sin!
now, then you will be

and peace,
blood of Jesus;
saviour,
blood of Jesus.

ANNEBOTT, Auxiliary.

ready!

TO VICTORY.

copy, 10 cents.

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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A MODERN ENTERPRISE OF GREAT PROMISE.

Scheme 10 Materializes with Startling Rapidity and Thrilling Interest.

TO HELP THE SUBMERGED

"We plough the field and scatter
The good seed o'er the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain."

THE LIFEBOAT.



OW with a wet sheet and a flowing sea. Praise God, we can shout victory, although our crowds have diminished as might be expected in the summer, and the waves seem to dash at us still on deck.

Little rough at times, yet amidst it all we are still on deck.

Sunday last, and the Sunday previous, were blessed days to our souls. On both days we saw precious souls seeking a pardoning God. One, a dear old man, who fell

At the Drunken

in the open-air, and cried to God to save him.

At holiness meeting last Sunday, God came very near to us.

Seeing the cook was too busy to come up to meeting, we went down to him in the kitchen, and there amidst pots and pans, God gave us victory.

In the afternoon Adjutant McGee took the helm, and one precious soul sought pardon.

At night, while Miss Macdonald and Cadet Mott held on inside, the rest of us went out to Mr. Devil wholesale on the street. What a meeting! And, oh, what looks of anguish and despair seemed to settle on the faces of our listeners, as warm words carrying conviction fell from the lips of red-hot lick-the-devil Salvationists. We rejoice to know that God's Word shall not return unto Him void.

I have often been asked the cause of the condition of the class of men we have in our shelter. After not close observation of sixteen months, I have to give the one answer,

Drink.

Oh, the tales of woe I have been called to listen to from time to time. When we sit it out, we find that the drink-devil was at the bottom. I have seen men take the shoes off their feet; yes, and the shirt from their back to sell for drink. Poor souls, how our hearts bleed for them. Helpless they exist from day to day dragging out a miserable, wretched life of dissipation and sin. Could you see the look of indifference, and sometimes despair which settles on their faces as we plead with them, and try to point them to an ever-loving Christ, we feel sure you would do all in your power to help us. Someone may say, "Well, what can I do to help you?" If I lived in the city I could take my word orders to you."

Well, don't forget that we accept donations of every shape and form—money, clothes, sheep, pigs, hens, cows, horses, or even

Agricultural Implements

will find a ready welcome on our Social Farm.

Captain Dodd's enterprising face, which so often cheers us when we see him, would be apt to smile a little extra, if some of my readers good intentions were only put into practical effect.

If there is one that lives too far away from our head office on Wilton Avenue, and feel they cannot walk that far to give their order, don't forget our branch office at corner Lippincott and Ulster, where Cadet Carlton will be always ready to receive such. He is a red-hot North-Westerner, and all orders coming in his hands will receive prompt attention. I leave you to read, think and decide.

E. CHAFFLE, Cadet.

Catalina, N.F.L.—While almost every day of late we can see the fishermen getting their traps and trawls ready to catch fish, we halibut fishers have also been planning and scheming with our alibi traps and trawls to catch the souls of men and women, and take them from the dark and pathless sea of sin and bring them safe to the shore.

Thank God, by His help we have succeeded in catching a few (seven of them this week) which we trust will be preserved blameless until the coming of the Master, and then be found fit for the heavenly market. God's promise to us is that from henceforth there shall catch men, we mean to tell on until we hear the "Well done, it is enough, come up higher."—Cadet M. Buxton.

While coming to Toronto meetings we took in a young man at Newmarket for the hospital who had his arm pulled off by a bolt in a mill. He was put in the baggage car so he could sit down. We were called in by what seemed to be a minister. We went along, while the baggage man hustled trunks around, we had a prayer-meeting and the fellow surrendered to God.—He had once been a soldier.—Cadet M. Buxton.



HAVE YOU A SISTER?

BY THE GENERAL.

He brought her up from Brighton to London, promised her marriage, accomplished her ruin, introduced her to the customs and company of Picoadilly, and then left her there with three coverings in her pocket to live on the wages of damnation, and, for all he cared, to rush down the steep incline on which he had placed her unoppressed feet, to the Bottomless Abyss beneath.

Have you the misfortune to have a SISTER who has had the dire misfortune still, to have been treated after this fashion—a SISTER who has been deceived, robbed, and forsaken, and, as the almost unavoidable result, floated off into the deep, dark Maelstrom of a Harlot's life of degradation and woe?

Don't be offended at the enquiry, my friend. It is only too true—heartbreakingly true of thousands of sisters if not of yours—and if you have not been overtaken by such a disgracing calamity it is a matter for gratitude, and you might very properly lift up your heart at this season in thanksgiving to your Heavenly Father that it is not so. But suppose you had a SISTER so placed—a SISTER who might now be saying:—

"I can see as pure as the snow, but I fall—
Fell like the snowflake from Heaven to Hell."

Fact or Supposition?

Now, if you had a SISTER bound, helplessly bound, in the meshes of this rotten world of gilded vice, would you not think about her sometimes? I know full well that the custom of families, when such dread disgrace darkens their homes, is to dig a hole—a deep hole—in some hidden corner of memory, and there, by mutual agreement, bury all remembrance of the lost one. At least they try to do so, but I should think that in many cases they don't succeed very well. Mothers must find this method a very difficult one to successfully carry out—aye, and Fathers and brothers and sisters as well. You would, my friend, you know you would; nay, perhaps you do—for I cannot help thinking all the time that I have got hold of someone who has a SISTER in these dreary circumstances.

But, come now, we will only suppose that you have a SISTER so fixed, in which case I press my enquiry. Would you not think about her sometimes? Could you help yourself? Would not your thoughts in the silent night season, unbidden, go after her? With or without consent, would not you find yourself asking yourself, What is my desolate SISTER doing to-night? Where is she? On the streets in her gay, discolored attire? In her haunts of folly and hollow merriment? In her wild, intoxicated madness, or in her black and sober despair? Where is my SISTER, and what is she doing to-night?

What She Once Was?

And then, would not visions come up before your eyes, old unbidden, of what she once was? Would you not see her again, the laughing, innocent thing of her childhood, full of dreams by night and by day of a pure, happy, aye, perhaps of a useful future?

Yes, perchance you would think of her in her mother's arms; and would not the recollection of mother start into motion another set of sympathies? Her mother. Oh, where is her mother? If gone to the World of Spirits, gone before this disgrace came down on the family, would there not be an involuntary cry of thankfulness in your heart for what would appear to be the three blessed arrangements of mercy which have at least hidden the hideous misfortune from mother's eyes? And if not gone, would not the thought of that mother's agony bring new pangs to your own heart, if you are a real mother's son; and if you are a real mother's daughter, would it not fill your eyes with weeping tears?

But let us come back to SISTER. If you were compelled to call such a poor, forlorn, friendless creature by that name. If you had a SISTER drifting, drifting, robed in her pearly finery, cursed and mocked by those whose gratification she is being damned to supply, maddened and led to her destiny by the intoxicating cup. If you had a SISTER drifting, oh, so rapidly, to her doom, you could not help thinking of the poor creature now and then.

Your Heart Would Make Excuse.

You would make excuse for such a SISTER. I am sure you would. For, whatever she may be, is she not your mother's child? Did you not play together in the far-back times, and laugh, and frolic, and weep in company? Had you not the same trials and the same joys? Did you not row to love one another, and help one another for ever and ever? And now she is—there.

Well, I think that you would try and make the black horrid darkness of her present wickedness a little less terrible in your estimation by remembering how sorely she was tempted, if you knew what her temptations were, which is very improbable; for while men and women know all about the falls of poor sinners, they are very frequently in all but blanket ignorance of the circumstances which have brought them about. Anyway, you would not forget that her condemnation is to be shared with the sordid in human shape who compassed her ruin. Very wrong she is, doubtless, but what about him?

As to the present, perhaps you might find some excuse in her wild, reckless, and hopeless nature. She meets no possibility of deliverance. She knows that all men—yes, and, alas! all women, too; the latter sometimes more than the former—hate and despise her; at least she thinks they do, and she has good reasons for it. And if all men don't hate and despise her, she hates and despises herself. And so oblivion—to be forgotten—to be dead, in what she covets, and, so far as she can secure it, she is determined to have it. To be forgotten and to forget her home, her fall, her misery, her loneliness present, her horrible future, her God, and her eternity. And so she cries, "Give me forgetfulness!" to which she also takes the cup, always so handy, always as it were at her lips, and grove strangely gay and reckless of tomorrow.

Why Not Come Home?

But why does she stay away from us? You would ask. We would welcome her return. Ah! she thinks just the opposite. And even if home and its inmates could face her, how could she face them? "If you could forgive me," she says, "I could never forgive myself." And so, on, on, on she drives. Faster and faster while the rushing rapids. On, on, on, music, dancing, company. The days of exhaustion and despair, and the nights of delirium follow one another with little change, and the deadly, delusory drink is there all the time. On, on, on, till the end comes. Everybody and everything without her and within her helping her on.

Oh, what about your SISTER? Would you not pray for her? You know. One at least who has the heart and the ability to help you in this perplexing extremity. He happily combines the qualities so oft disjointed in the world around you. While hating the sin, hating it as only He can hate, which is with an infinite hatred, He pities the sinner with an equally infinite compassion. Oh, I feel sure that you would cry to Him, that His eye might discover her whereabouts, that one of His tears might fall upon her heart and bring it with repentance, that one drop of His blood might be vouchsafed to her conscience and purge it from the dead, rotten past, and that henceforth one continued

stream of His Spirit might make her white as snow again, and keep her pure evermore. Yes, you would pray for her.

Practical Sympathy.

But you would not be content with praying, you would write her letters of love and endearment; that is, if you knew where to find her. Nay, you would not be content with praying or writing, you would go after her, you would follow your lost sheep into this wilderness of damnation and of devils and of devilries, even if it were to the earth, if so be you had hope of finding and bringing her home.

And would it be a surprising and unnatural thing to do? Do not men save seas and roam over distant lands, braving perils and diseases and death, to find honor and gold and other perishable commodities? But here is the imperishable soul of your SISTER, once so white—

"Write as the snow before she fell,
Fall as a snowflake from heaven to hell."

Not to hell, thank God! Not to hell, if on to its very verge—and would you not give some assistance, at some cost of money or toil, to rescue her before she had got right in?

The Wanderer's Return.

And then, oh, joy, joy, joy! to man and angels, and to the blessed Father of us all if you found your SISTER, if you presented her to come home. With what gladness would you not take her to her mother to be embraced, to her father to be welcomed, to her brothers and sisters, if they were worthy of the name, or had any spark of Christ's love in them—to be received. And then would you not take her by the hand and lay her at your Saviour's feet as a trophy of His mercy, as a fruit of His agency and travail on the Cross?

"Oh," do you say, "had I a SISTER in such circumstances, I most certainly would strive with all my power to do all this. But I tell you again I have no SISTER in such a forlorn condition." Well, then, again I say, "Thank God!" and prove your gratitude by thinking about the thousands and tens of thousands of sisters who are not only in this terrible plight, but who have no brother, and no sister, and no anybody else to go after them into the dark wilderness where, with thorn-torn sides and bleeding feet, they wander to their doom. Will you seek them?

Join the Delivering Angels.

But do you say that you know not how to perform so difficult a task? Well, then, turn to these delivering angels of the Salvation Army. They will teach you. They will take you in as apprentices, and instruct and drill you in the business and make you as skilful as they most certainly are; for assuredly, if judged by their fruits, they understand their work full well. But if you will not actually join them in fighting for the rescue of the prey from the wild beasts of Picoadilly and elsewhere; if you will not join them in the palaces and love, and sacrifice, and are required to work in the thinking, and feeling, and habits of these poor lost creatures; if you will not yourself adopt a Missionary Vocation, in many respects with more of trial and hardship connected with it and less of interest than that of the missionary life amongst the African and Pacific Ocean savages, then make these delivering angels your agents. Support them with your prayers, endow them with your money. Help them to enlarge their Homes and their facilities for receiving the lost. See to it that nobody's lost SISTER sneaks at the door of any delivering Home and turns away because there is no room. Oh, for Christ's sake, for the sake of the hopeless, friendless ones, help these children of the streets!

The Latest.

N.B.—I have just learned that the deserted girl with whose story I started my paper, was greatly impressed by the remarkable procession in which the last marched through Picoadilly playing "Home, Sweet Home," and that, but for the rifle-calls of her companions, she would then and there have rushed away from the palsy and derelict of her life. However, the arrows lodged in her heart that night remained, and three weeks ago she begged to be taken in to the new West-End Home, where last week she knelt, a broken-hearted penitent, at the foot of the Cross.

The foundation stone of the second and final portion of the South African Home for Discharged Prisoners was laid by Sir William Cameron, K.O.B., on the 26th of May last, whilst at the third anniversary of this Work, Sir Gordon Spragg, Treasurer General, presided.

DOMINION

Roar of the B THE COMMAND

HEADS THE TROOPS AT

The Marriage of Capt. Moff and
and the Laying of the Corner Stone
New Barracks.

These events our readers will
stand stirred Orillia from cent
to cent.

It was a bold stroke to attend Orillia at the time of holiday-y-was excitement. Two train-conductors were expected from Toronto. The red-coated "Polarbore" were on the scene. Whiffy's circus was in strict special parties in different towns, and a demonstration of all sorts that were calculated to attract the attention of the holiness conference to the gold meeting time religion. Still, glory be again has the Lord demonstrated as lifted up. He will draw a Him, and the Cross has not yet traction.

Amidst the thousands of leaving Toronto on the Saturday a happy group of Salvationists, including the Rev. Mr. Turner and Messrs. Morris, Atwell, Horn, several of our ever-ready on Limer Street. It is a long row and yet it seemed but a few m we heard the cheery hallo! hallo! Heffs and his comrades on the form.

"This Way,"

and the coming bridegroom, minutes we were dispersed into of families, who for kindness, and right down generosity, we soon surpassed.

The rousing march was for most blessed meeting in the town. Not forgetting that open-air at the end of the people stood striding steps of the Cross.

"Stand up, everybody who is to kneel-draw," brought forth history response, and as a kind of a night march took ended up at half-past eleven p. That seven o'clock knee-draw of blessed refreshing, and God's family near.

Open-air at half-past nine, a new meeting till after twelve, remainder of the morning.

In the afternoon the Brigades a large Presbyterian Sunday special request, and gave a of our foreign work, special the children.

A little fellow, who was a slysterian, gave rather a pleasant of the meeting, as he not only told, declaring that he had a real sleep in class, but felt quite when the Salvation man began (Note: A little Salvation appreciated even by our friends.)

Afternoon and night the were exceptionally good, and collections and out-door attendance takes the cake.

The Happy India

danced and sang for joy. brother, a Methodist, declared was the first time he had an open-air ring. Beads of pers on his face, and he just got as happy that he literally danced.

Edwin Blackburn demonstrated had lost none of his cunning in taking up a collection, and galloped up as one outdoor m. All day, in thunder-like it been announced that Captain had married on the following. minister Herb Booth was corner stone of the new bar monster banquet and meeting place in the Orange Hall.

Very punctually, considering minister Day, Commandant of the station, arrived on the scene, at the station by Mr. W. where given the Commandant night march to the police hall, and here an address of

DOMINION DAY.

Roar of the Battle!

THE COMMANDANT

HEADS THE TROOPS AT ORILLIA.

The Marriage of Capt. Heit and Lieut. Hadden,
and the Laying of the Corner Stone of the
New Barracks.

These events our readers will easily understand stirred Orillia from centre to circumference.

It was a bold stroke to attempt to invade Orillia at the time of holiday-making. All was excitement. Two train-loads of excursionists were expected from the City of Toronto. The red-coated boys from Peterboro' were on the scene. Cook & White's circus was in strong evidence. Special parties in different parts of the town, and a demonstration on the lake, were all events that were calculated to attract the attention of the holiday-seeker in preference to the solid meetings of the old-time religion. Still, glory be to God, once again the Lord demonstrated that if He lifted up, He will draw all men unto Him, and the Cross has not yet lost its attraction.

Amidst the thousands of excursionists leaving Toronto on the Saturday, could be seen a happy group of Salvationists, in charge of Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt, with Eugene Turner and Blackburn, Captain Morris, Attwell, Horn, Griffiths, and several of our ever-ready comrades from Lager Street. It is a long road to Orillia, and yet it seemed but a few minutes before we heard the cheery halloahs of Captain Heit and his comrades on the Orillia platform.

"This Way,"

and the coming bridegroom, and in a few minutes we were dispersed into the hearts of families, who for kindness, hospitality, and right down generosity, we have never seen surpassed.

The rousing march was followed by a not blessed meeting in the tent at night. Not forgetting that open-air at which hundreds of the people stood attracted by the story of the Cross.

"Hands up, everybody who is coming to kneel-drill," brought forth quite a satisfactory response, and as a kind of preparation, a night march took place, which ended up at half-past eleven p.m.

That seven o'clock however still was a time of blessed refreshing, and God came wonderfully near.

Open-air at half-past nine, and the holy meeting till after twelve, took up the remainder of the morning.

In the afternoon the Brigadier addressed a large Presbyterian Sunday School by special request, and gave a short account of our foreign work, specially adapted to the children.

A little fellow, who was a staunch Presbyterian, gave rather a pleasing testimony of the meeting, as he sat round the table, declaring that he had almost gone to sleep in class, but felt quite roused up when the Salvation men began to preach. (Note: A little Salvation Armyism is appreciated even by our Presbyterian friends.)

Afternoon and night the congregations were exceptionally good, and in point of collection and out-door attendance, Orillia certainly takes the cake.

The Happy Indians

danced and sang for joy. One Indian brother, a Methodist, declared that this was the first time he had spoken in the open-air. Bands of penitents stood on his face, and he just got so boiling-hot happy that he literally danced for joy.

Edna Blackburn demonstrated that he had lost none of his cunning in the way of taking up a collection, and over \$6 was taken up at one outdoor meeting.

All day in thunder-like tones, it had been announced that Captain Heit would be married on the following day, Commandant Herbert Booth would lay the corner stone of the new barracks, and a coroner's banquet and meeting would take place in the Orange Hall.

Very punctually, considering it was Dominion Day, Commandant and Brigadier Heit arrived on the scene, and were met at the station by Mr. W. Thompson, who gave the Commandant was. A night march to the principal street of the town, and here an address of welcome was

read by the Mayor. The Mayor was introduced to the Commandant by Brigadier de Barritt, who congratulated Orillia on its possession of such a worthy representative. His Worship then read the following address:—

ORILLIA, July 2, 1904.

Commandant Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army, Canada:

MY DEAR SIR,—On behalf of the citizens of Orillia, and especially on the part of the religious organizations of our place, I have been requested to extend to you and your fellow-comrades in the war, a warm welcome to our city.

For ten years the Salvation Army has labored in Orillia, and the good accomplished is well known. As the constituted Commissioner and representative of the Salvation Army in Canada we are glad to find you in our midst, and trust that your visit will be a personal satisfaction to yourself and the source of stimulating those who attend your gatherings.

We have heard with pleasure that it is the intention of your father, General Booth, to visit the Dominion at an early date, and for his sake, as well as your own, we rejoice that you are present with us to-day.

We desire to congratulate you on the barracks that is in course of erection in this town, and trust that the sympathy of the townpeople will make the completion of that building an early and successful event.

We are pleased to hear of the success that is attending your Social operations in this country, and pray that you may be spared to feel your faithful troops to fresh and more glorious victories.

I have the honor to remain most sincerely yours on behalf of the undersigned,

THE MAYOR,
MR. W. A. THOMPSON,
MR. TAYLOR,
MR. H. GREEN,
MR. CHASE,
MR. H. MARSH.

The Commandant replied in beautifully fitting language, and congratulated Orillia on its selection of Mayor, its evidence of prosperity, treatment of the Salvation Army, appreciation of the good accomplished, and the prospects of possessing one of the neatest and most useful Salvation Army barracks that the Dominion could boast of. A few minutes more said, and the hearty cheers of the appreciative crowd, the Commandant drove off to his billet.

The Stone-Laying

In the afternoon was well attended, in consideration of the number attractions, it was just marvellous. Circus, volunteer encampment, bands of music, all failed to draw away the crowd that was determined to hear our beloved Commissioner and the company of influential men and clergymen that would act as his right hand supporters on this memorable occasion. Mr. Mansel, M. P., was also present, and spoke most feelingly of the work accomplished by the Salvation Army in this country.

Despite his weakness, the Commandant rose right above the occasion and delivered a masterly address on the aims and objects of God's Salvation Army.

A silver bowl was presented to Mr. Thompson, who certainly showed himself as adept in the art of laying the corner stone of a Salvation Army barracks.

His Worship spoke very appropriately of the work accomplished by the Salvation Army through the instrumentality of Capt. Heit.

Our friends were afterwards invited to lay bricks at seventy cents and a dollar a hand. We were glad to see amongst those who responded some of our own friends and comrades, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Captain Mahon, Egan and Mrs. Ayre, Eugene Turner and Blackburn, and others, all determined to have a brick in the new building.

Night was the crowning time. Captain Heit and Lieutenant Hadden were to be united in the bonds of

Matrimony, Hard Work, and Holy War,



THE NEW BARRACKS,
ORILLIA.

and that crowd of five hundred people, who held fifteen cents per head admission, spoke volumes of the appreciation in which our comrades are held in Orillia and for the love the citizens of that place have for the Salvation Army. Those who have been present at the Commandant's wedding services will remember the happy faculty he has for performing this important rite, and our leader was peculiarly effective in the conducting of this ceremony. It is some time since we have seen a more prompt and cordial response than was given to the Commandant that night, and the commandant, radiant and with was, "Commandant, come again."

The Articles of Marriage were read by Brigadier Holland, who was heartily welcomed by his old comrades in Orillia, and we assure the Commandant's A. D. C. that we should be glad to see him back again in Orillia the first day he has to spare. May God bless him.

On Tuesday, the Commandant and Brigadier de Barritt, with Staff-Captain Fry, visited Sig Day Point, where camp meetings were held.

Wednesday was a field day for our dear comrades at Collingwood. Large crowds of soldiers had gathered from Faversham and the surrounding places, and if the crowd was not so large as it was in Orillia, it was none the less cordial. A Council for officers and soldiers was conducted by Brigadier de Barritt in the afternoon, on the lines of what a Salvationist is, and what the world, God and his leaders expect of him. A most profitable two hours was spent.

The night march almost reminded one of Toronto on a small scale. The lifeboat was to the front, in which sat the Commandant. A brass band, small but good, took a prominent part, whilst a

Right of Violists

strapped way to their hearts' content. A happy band of soldiers brought up the rear, and Collingwood will remember for a long time the lively, rousing march that passed down their streets.

The Commandant spoke at night on the object and aims of the Salvation Army, and from eight to ten o'clock this subject was handled by the Commandant with force, power, skill, and great blessing. Hearty masses of appreciation continually interrupted our leader's address, and hundreds of people went forth from that meeting more than ever convinced that the Salvation Army was a God-raised institution, and was destined more than ever to bring about the salvation of thousands of precious souls. May it be so.

Our leader's life in a very busy one, and really it seemed but as a day when the next morning we arrived in Toronto at 9:30 a.m. and in a few minutes the Commandant was plunged into the midst of business, all pertaining to the glorious Salvation War.

Our comrades were most delighted with the visit of their leader, and from every point visited the united wish is that our chieftain will speedily pay them another visit. May God bless the Commandant and God bless our Army all over the Dominion.

TO THE SINNER.—What a folly it is to dream the thought of throwing away life at once and yet have no regard to throwing it away by parcels and piecemeal!

SONG SAVED.

A story is told, and though evidently "cooked," may well have had something true to cook.

A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on a dock of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the petition so dear to every loving heart,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling and a peculiar emphasis on the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some moments after the musical notes had died away.

Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, sir, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously, "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, "I did my fighting on the one side, and think—indeed am quite sure—I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard-duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand. I crept near your post of duty, my weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. Your beat led you into the clear light. As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune of that hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by my commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night floated the words:

"O'er my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that, and there was no attack made on your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you singing this evening, that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner and said with much emotion:

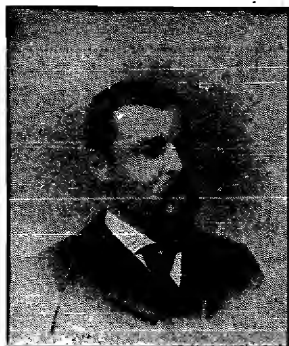
"I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home, and friends, and all that life holds dear."

"Then the thought of God's care came to me with peculiar force, and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never know until this evening."

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

has been a favorite hymn, now it will be inexpressibly dear."

BILLY BEAT being reproached one day by a depraved, dissolute man, as being one of those idle fellows who go about living upon others, and doing nothing whatever, said, "My Father can keep me a gentleman always if He please, without my doing any work at all; but your father"—pointing to his shabby, tattered garments—"cannot even keep you in decent clothes with all your hard work." "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him. Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceits;" i.e., "If fools talk nonsense, do not talk nonsense with them; if fools boast a victory over wisdom, then let wisdom expose their folly."



MAYOR THOMSON, Orillia.

Eastern Province Notes

BY BRIGADIER JACOB.

We are now at the time of writing on the boat for Fredericton. The engagement commences straight off. Quite a number of our St. John soldiers are going to avail themselves of the opportunity and be present.

Dominion Day passed off very nicely with us at St. John. We had a little difficulty in getting the tent up, but were not to be beaten. Everything got nicely fixed at last. We were favored with very fair weather, although the first part of the day was foggy.

Partridge Island, where we spent Dominion Day, is a beautiful spot in fine weather. We were treated very kindly by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and family, which we appreciated very much. The meetings on the whole were fairly successful. About 1,500 people came to the Island.

From what we can hear there has been good times at Fredericton lately; all from that quarter seem in good spirits. I heard of eighteen souls getting saved last Sunday, which included three at the drumhead. We are believing for great things this next few days.

From here we go to Yarmouth for a week, from 13th to 19th. It is a foregone conclusion that we are going to have a great time; it will be too late to invite you to come by the time this appears in print.

We will do the next best thing. We are to have the tent pitched in Amegopolis from July 21st to 24th. There are to be cheap rates on the W. A. R. and Western counties. We have still a fair recollection of last year's meetings. This year, I believe, will surpass them.

Now, there is Bridgetown, close to Amegopolis; no excuse for you not coming. Arrange to take the whole meetings in. Dear River, have a little enterprise! Get some of the many lively stable gentlemen to take you on cheap; or a walk of four miles to the station is not outrageous; I have walked it myself before now.

Then, Digby soldiers; some of you came last year, why not all this year if you have not been to Yarmouth. It is a good thing to get all together for a day or two. When your friends invite you to come to them say, "Yes, you come and meet me at Amegopolis. I am going there to worship God for a day or two."

Edwin Alward is pushing things as hard as possible, and I understand has a special rate on the Nova Scotia Central. Now, Lunenburg, Bridgewater, and Liverpool, avail yourself of it. What is the use of being so mean that you can't spend a cent in travelling? Come and get your soul blessed, never mind what it costs.

Captain Jennings will be along from Windsor, and will bring with him as many as he possibly can. Kentville will be there with circle corps and rig. I can't tell you who all will be there. Come and see.

The tent goes up on the old battery, by the kind permission of the Mayor; the scene of an awful battle in days gone by, now to be the scene of another kind of a battle.

Truro comes next on our list. We have selected Truro for three reasons. 1st, it is a very important town in Nova Scotia. 2nd, it is a town which is a centre from which our soldiers can come into. 3rd, the people of Truro are very kind in welcoming our officers and friends.

The date for Truro is July 27th to July 30th. From every station on the I.C.R. there will be a special rate. Simple fare for a return journey. Buy an ordinary single ticket, and ask for a standard certificate. Good year these meetings were held at New Glasgow. They are still fresh in our memory.

New Glasgow soldiers of course will return the compliment, and I trust to be there in large

numbers. Westville and Stellarton can both have a rest from manual work and come. Pictou the same. It will be of great advantage to get together, pray together, believe together, and get souls saved together.

Halifax and Dartmouth made a good show at New Glasgow last year. Now, it won't be so far; therefore, we will be coming, double the number. Come up over Sunday. Springhill and Acadia Mines should avail themselves of a change. I understand there is not over much work just now; this will give you a chance to get off.

What we are after is as follows: By our coming together to get more than ever reared up and set on fire for God and souls, and go in for a regular red-hot, soul-saving campaign.

I don't like to boast, but I can assure you the devil is going to get it; no quarter to him, he must be routed, beaten and driven out. We don't expect to do it with a feather and a bottle of olive oil. No, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, and red-hot truths. Lord, help us to speak plainer and hotter.

Open-air and marches. There are to be some. We must have the crowd. Can't get people unless we can get at them some object I know to win some extraordinary money, so does the devil. We don't believe that God as a rule blames any people, and seeing that we are neither lame nor any, we mean to do all we can to let the people know we are in town.

Monitors comes in the next week in my notes. I will give a few particulars. All being well, we expect Staff-Captain Howell back from the C.P. all on fire. Look out, things will heat.

Now, pray for all these meetings; we can't get on without it; believe, I say, faith; without faith not very much will be accomplished. So honest, set up to the light that God gives you. Work, don't let the devil get you off the track, or to the siding of leaving it to God. No, no; work, pray, believe and expect, God is going to give the increase.

SELECTED PICKINGS.

BY FICKER.

The devil votes as he prays.

The devil is the author of infidelity, but he is not a bit of an infidel himself.

Sickness is often the means of grace, but sin, never.

"Know that you are no near heaven as you are far from the love of the bewitching world."—Roxborough.

God sends no man to heaven or hell; men gravitate to whom they belong.

Every man is a hypocrite who prays one way and lives another.

Every man is bound to make the most of himself. He has no right to be a dwarf when he can be a giant. He has no right to be a failure when he can be a success.

A large number of employers report that of the clerks, church-goers and Sunday-schoolers, the former are the better fitted for work on Monday morning.

The standard murders three persons at once—himself, the one discarded, and the one who listens with approval to the discarded.

The potter beats the clay before putting on the wheel to get the spatter out, as he calls it. The Lord cannot mould and fashion us until He gets the spatter out of our hearts.

Some folks say they do not like our methods of doing things. Our answer is, we do not like their methods of not doing things.

The vibrations of a steam-engine whistle can be heard at a distance of 3,800 yards; the sound of a locomotive at 3,300; the crack of a rifle and the barking of a dog at 1,800 yards; a call to dinner any distance up to five miles, and a call to knee-drill on Sunday morning, at something like two-foot six inches—often less.

Men may preach the old devil notions of a false theology and cry that men cannot live without sin, but it remains true to-day, as in the days of Job, "A perfect and upright man, one that feareth God and worketh righteousness."

"Don't interfere with the Salvation Army. They may be ignorant, not over nice, obtrusive, and obnoxious, but they mean well, and do an immensely good work."—*Jos. Howard, Jr., in the New York Recorder.*

No state of grace excludes the need of "forgetting the things which are behind, reaching forth unto the things which are before, and pressing toward the mark for the prize."

The pilot of a United States revenue cutter was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied, "No, no, it is only necessary to know where there are no rocks."

"Our serpent is looking up." We read this report so frequently that it calls to mind the words of a quaint old preacher of preceding generation. He was at conference and about to tell of the condition of things on his charge. "Bishop, the church at — is looking up. It's flat on its back."

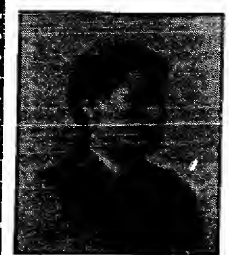

"If there is anything at all in the Christian religion, the Salvation Army have certainly gotten hold of the core of it, and are carrying out the example, precepts, and teachings of the Author more closely and fully than all other religious bodies combined, and are not only carrying out but are forcing these precepts and teachings into practical every day life."—*Orville Hendie, Denver.*

On old sea-captain, advising a young friend who was going to a strange city to engage in business, urged upon him the importance of taking his certificate of church membership, and at once identifying himself with some church in his new home. He said: "I am an old sea-captain, and have found it good policy in coming into port always to tie my vessel up at once, fore and aft, to the spikes on the wharf, although it may cost me something for wharfage, instead of anchoring her in the stream and letting her swing with the tide."

WIFE is a miser's heart like a "Grace-before-Meat" box? Because it is always open to receive money, but do what you will you cannot shake it out again.

JUDAS.—The least fault in the conduct of Christ, could he have recoiled at it, would have relieved the agonies of his conscience and justified, or at least palliated, his reason. He put an end to his own life because he could not endure the misery springing from a sense of his guilt. In this grave and dreadful act he gave, therefore, the strongest testimony which is possible to the perfect innocence of the Redeemer.

"The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us."

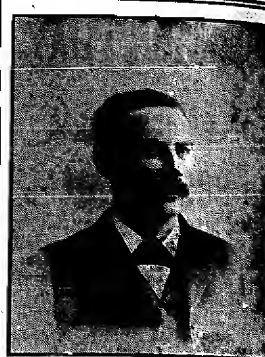
UNITED
JULY 2d,
1894
ADJUTANT AND MRS. TAYLOR.

Ella Mabel Williams,

Fredericton, 1890. Cadet at Newcastle, 18-10-90; Bathurst, 22-10-90. Lieutenant at Newcastle, 1-1-91. Captain at Richmond, 18-4-91; Queensboro, 9-1-91; Fort. Massville, 7-4-91; Stratford, 21-1-91; Uxbridge, 25-1-91; Kingston, 17-10-91; Amegopolis, 10-1-91; St. John, N.S., 18-4-91; Halifax, N.S., 17-4-91; Ligon, N.S., 17-4-91; Chatham's Station, 9-2-91. Promoted Ensign, 24-2-91.

Levi Taylor

Came out from Hampton, 1890. Cadet at Bathurst, 4-4-91; Fencible Falls, 1-6-91; Pictou, 10-4-91. Lieutenant at Bathurst, 1-7-91. Captain at Carleton Place, 24-1-91; Bath, 2-2-91; Deseronto, 5-2-91; Queensboro, 21-1-91; Coburg, 8-2-91; Yorkville, T. G., 18-4-91. Promoted Captain, 28-1-91; St. John, N.S., 28-1-91; Chatham's Station, 2-2-91; Ligon, N.S., 17-4-91; Chatham's Station, 9-2-91. Promoted Ensign, 24-2-91.



MR. WM. THOMSON, Orillia.

"NOT FOR ME."

"Was only a drunken woman, yet the same and the words sank deep into my heart."

While trying to tell her of the love of Jesus and the power which could set her captive soul free, she interrupted me by wildly crying out:

"Not for me! No, not for me; I am a wanderer for ever!"

Lost, Lost!

Words just then were useless, so I helped her undress and got to bed, thanking God for the privilege of letting me go to the poor and the outcast. For there was a time when I had not the love nor the courage which would enable me to penetrate the devil's stronghold, but now I can see the image of my Master (although married) in those women who come to us night after night, and for His sake we can put our arms around them for support.

When I went back she told me of

Her Happy Girlhood

in Scotland. Sheltered by a mother's affection, and how for human love she left it all and came to this country. She was willing to do or dare anything for the one dear object upon which all her affections were centered. For a while they were all in all to each other, until the drink—drunk—stole in between them. Little by little he robbed them of that most sacred thing which binds two hearts together.

The Downward Road

was easy, and she soon became a drunkard's wife. God laid His affliction hand upon them, and called their dear little one to Himself, safe away from the sin and misery.

The poor mother's heart was crushed. She had said God to comfort her, and he who should have shared her sorrow, had ceased to care. And her poor human heart, which yearned for love, remained uncherished even by one smile from him who had vowed eternal love and truth.

The tear-drops began to trickle down her cheeks. In her excitement she threw up her hands, and exclaimed:

"Oh, please, don't stay with me any longer! He is dead, too. It almost breaks my heart. You make me feel what I have been, and

What I am Now.

Oh, it's hard! I did it all for love; but what sorrow it has brought."

I could not help thinking of the love which brings joy and heaven as blessings. And yet how low will he have to follow God at all cost, be that what it may; but it does pay to let God have His way with us. It may! yes, it will mean some struggles, some fighting. After the ground is ploughed, it has

To Be Harrowed.

The sharp teeth of the harrow go through and breaks it up, and makes it fit for the seed. Just as God has to harrow us, and attempt we feel it keenly, yet who would forgo the harrowing process when we think of the harvest and the golden grain.

WOMEN'S SILENCE.

"Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun,"

was sung on the occasion on which King George, the Bible, gave a new constitution to his people, exchanging a heathen for a Christian form of government. Under the spreading branches of the bayon tower set some few thousand natives from Tonga, Fiji and Samoa, on Whit Sunday, 1862, assembled for Divine worship. Foremost sat King George. Around him were ranged old chiefs and warriors who had shared with him the dangers and joys of many a battle. Old and young rejoiced together in the joys of that day. It would be impossible to describe the deep feeling manifested when the solemn service began by the audience singing.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun."

"AN AXE! AN

A YOUNG AMERICAN

His Example Calls for Every Man to Rush to the Rescue

Here is nobility. Here is the love that risks all in the cause of the Divine sacrifice to the comprehension of the child. Who is there whose thrill at the following recital? Where are those who will rise in the sphere spiritual? Is it a wreck, the shriek of the help, and imminent death? Would be saviours. "An axe clear the track, and save the perished; the plaudits of the conqueror. Follow the Great of Calvary

"Down from the shining rock, He sped with joyful pace, He bled Himself of all but love, And bled for Adam's race."

A YOUNG HERO

A terrible railroad accident! Hoboken, New Jersey, a little accommodation train, running for, crashed into a standing car, was a school boy on the express sitting in the rear car studying the express train slowed up, expression took hold of him, remembered hearing his grandfathers that the rear car was the most on the train, and acting on an impulse, he got up and went into the third from the rear. He acted when he felt the car crash, him, and found himself entangled in wreckage.

Wounded and bloody, the boy himself. Above the rush of the car the agonized cries of the injured beneath the broken car, were heard and again:

"An axe! an axe!" shouted

The school boy was the first to start the work of rescue, and he saved three or four more who had begun to lose consciousness.

The cry of horror from the wrecked engine, and the sound of escaping steam, was a man. The night was the most terrible ever known, and the boy himself.

The conductor called; the boy held his head back. Not all, or one might figure whose clothes were torn, and whose face was almost unrecognizable, and whose hands were mangled.

"I'll go! Let me go, quick!"

The crowd stood back, while the boy went to stop him; but the boy understood the locomotive, and he was the first to move.

He actually shivered above him, whether to roll upon the young man there was a shout, as the boy went to stop him. From the number the boy respected, and the man he had gone to save, were willing hands and plenty after the deed was done. It was found that no person was distinguished as that school boy. When at his father's door, hours after, he was taken up on the shoulders, with face and hands grimy, and he changed that his mother's face.

One of the distinguishing qualities of American boyhood is its readiness to respond to the call of duty, which is a product of age, but lacking which it is pleasant to know that school may possess equally with mature years.

In connection with the old adage is next to godliness, it is a reminder also that "The heathen the portal by which many men the hell of fire."

Dr. PARKER, in the course of his evening made the following on the Salvation Army, viz: Salvation Army, as soon as a vessel, they call upon him to preach. You ask me, what does imply, his own experience; n the world must, and will, lie God and the angels will listen to his words.

"AN AXE! AN AXE!"

A YOUNG AMERICAN HERO.

His Example Calls for Every Canadian to Rush to the Rescue.

Here is nobility. Here is the triumph of the love that risks all for a fellow-creature in dire need. Here is an object lesson of the Divine sacrifice brought down to the comprehension of the mind of a child. Who is there whose soul does not thrill at the following recital of heroism? Where are those who will emulate that led in the sphere spiritual? Is there not a fire, a wreck, the shriek of the wounded for help, and imminent death? Rise up, ye would-be saviours. "An axe! an axe!" clear the track, and save those ready to perish; the plaudits of the skies await the conqueror. Follow the Great Self-sacrificer of Calvary.

"Down from the shining rank above,
He sped with joyful men;
Empty Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's race."

A YOUNG HERO.

A terrible railroad accident happened in Hoboken, New Jersey, a little while ago. An accommodation train, running too fast in the fog, crashed into a standing express. There was a school boy on the express who had been sitting in the rear car studying his lessons. As the express train slowed up a feeling of oppression took hold of him. He suddenly remembered hearing his grandfather once say that the rear car was the most dangerous one on the train, and acting on an impulse of the moment, he got up and went through one car into the third from the rear. He was scarcely seated when he felt the car crumbling beneath him, and found himself entangled in a mass of men and wreckage.

Wounded and bloody, the boy extricated himself. Above the rush of escaping steam rose the agonized cries of the unfortunate men pinned beneath the broken timbers. Men were dazed and agitated.

"An axe! an axe!" shouted a shrill voice. The school boy was the first to gather his wits and start the work of rescue. With an aim he saved three or four men before the other bystanders had begun to stir. Then a cry of horror from another point called an excited group of men together. Beneath the wrecked engine, amid the dropping coils and escaping steam, was seen the figure of a man. The sight was the more shocking because the dead locomotive was liable to topple over any instant and crush whatever lay beneath it. There was a cry for volunteers.

The conductor called; the engineer called; but all held back. Not all; out of the crowd came a slight figure whose clothes were torn, whose face was almost unrecognizable from blood and soot, and whose hands were black from menial toil.

"I'll go! Let me go, quick!" cried the school boy.

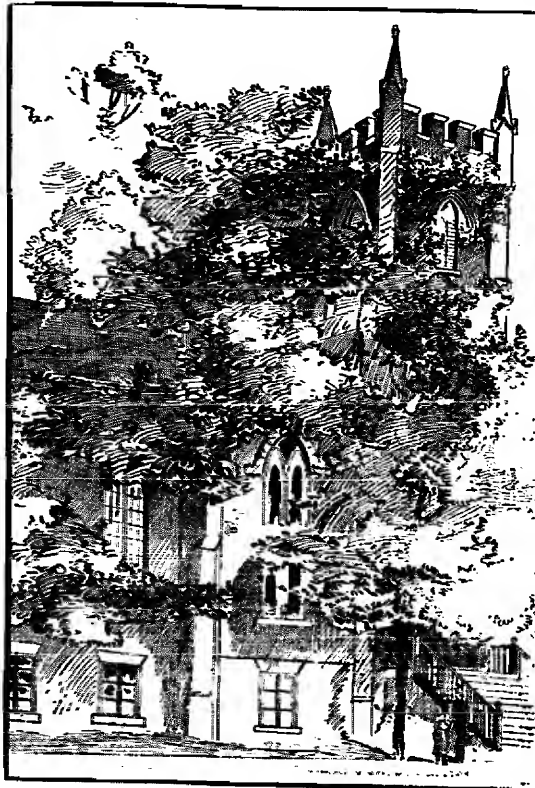
The crowd stood back, while a few made an effort to stop him; but the boy flung himself underneath the locomotive, dragging after him a plank which he had snatched at random. He had his movements; the huge engine actually shivered above him, as if deciding whether to roll upon the young hero or not.

There was a shout, and men felt a thing to their throat. From under the iron monster the boy resuscitated, dragging after him the man he had gone to save. Now there were willing hands and plenty of volunteers, after the deed was done. It was said by those present that no person so distinguished himself as that school boy. When he appeared at his father's door, hours afterward, he was clothed upon the threshold, with clothes torn, with face and hands grimy and bleeding, and so changed that his mother's servants did not recognize him.

One of the distinguishing qualities of our American boyhood is its readiness to accept responsibility. Unselfish and heroic conduct is not a product of age, but of individual nobility, which it is pleasant to know that the pupil at school may possess equally with the man of mature years.

In connection with the old adage, "God is next to godliness," it is well to remember also that "The hell of fifth is the portal by which many men enter into the hell of fire."

Dr. PARKER, in the course of his sermon last evening made the following remarks upon the Salvation Army, viz.: "In the Salvation Army, as soon as a man is converted, they call upon him to pray and preach. You ask me, what does he preach? I reply, his own experience; not another's. The world must be saved, will, listen to this. God and the angels will listen. Brother, is this liberious?"



ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

Where Mrs. Booth conducted the wedding of Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor.

Goderich.—We have just finished a series of very special meetings here, in which saints have been revived, sinners aroused and forcibly brought to realize their need of salvation. Through not having men the desired results, viz., souls saved, yet we feel assured that God again has been glorified. We were somewhat disappointed in not having the Wingham brass band with us as announced, but we will keep believing that they will fulfill their promise some time in the future. Eugene Mahaly came to lead us on for the three days.

Saturday night we gathered beneath the trees on the beautiful square for open-air meeting. I might say here that we seldom have a public meeting in the barracks these days, only when forced to on account of rain. We were careful to bring seats from the barracks, which proved a hit in the right direction for our comfort. The meeting was one of blessing.

A good number turned out to knee-drill and claimed power from God for the day's conflict. Holiness meeting at 11 a.m. was good. We thought upon the first half of the present year just gone into eternity, and returned to make the best use of the half to come. One brother claimed a deeper work of grace in his heart.

Crowds of people gathered around us in the afternoon and evening beneath the shady trees in the square. God enabled us to deal with them for eternity.

Open-air meetings again Monday afternoon and night. The crowds were great; reinforcements came from Godfrith, Bayfield, and one brother from Wingham.

Oh, yes, we are loyal Canadians. We celebrated Dominion Day in a right manner, and as the people who come together to take in the sports, but to rejoice in the Lord, to express our satisfaction in His service, and get souls saved. The hall-lantern school teacher from Bayfield read God's Word to us and sang, so did Captain O'Connor and Lieutenant Morrison. The Manager felt like having a dance, but didn't try.

A great display of fireworks was quite a feature while our night meeting was going on, which added considerably to the interest of the meeting. The Chinese lanterns hung on cords across the top of the Court House and in the sky above our heads furnished us with light from without, while within our hearts the light of God shone brightly.

Twenty night while gathered for soldiers' meetings, two dear fellows came into the barracks drunk. The Spirit of God took hold of them, and soon they came forward and cried for mercy. They left sobered up and promised to return again to take their stand with us for God.—WM. McDONOUGH for Captain Scott.

Zealous for God.

Saul, before his conversion, was zealous for God; this he tells his persecutors when brought before the council in Jerusalem, and he was very energetic in his mistaken views of religion, like many, fresh thinkers of our day who go about preaching the truth, wasting their strength in wrong lines, blind leading the blind; but God in mercy to Saul brought him to the bright rays of His divine illumination which led him to see the false course he had pursued, and cry out in desire to follow God's light. "What wilt thou desire me to do," and was at once put to work to save sinners. By telling them this Christ they had put to death was the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. Now, Saul was really and truly zealous for God, indeed, and truth; the snakes had fallen from his eyes, he had new spiritual visions. The carnal mind knoweth not, cannot discern the things of God; let us all seek life from above and the Spirit's guidance, to work with Paul's new zeal, a zeal according to knowledge. In the vineyard prepare ground for the seed of the word, destroy the weeds of error, make rough places smooth by overthrowing peace where discord prevails, himself are the peacemakers, water the young plants with water from the life giving fountain, prune, lop off mistaken notions of the word. Thus, said the Lord, there is much to do. Be not weary in well doing, in due season you shall reap if you faint not. Do a Paul in energy and zeal for God, and you will with Him be able to exclaim, "Nothing shall separate me from Christ. To live is Christ, and to die is eternal gain."

Wesley seemed once "on the point to die," and the Moravian asked him, "Do you hope to be saved?" Charles answered, "Yes." "For what reason do you hope it?" "Because I have used my best endeavor to serve God." In recounting the cross, Charles Wesley says, "He shook his head and said no more. I thought him very uncharitable, saying in my heart, 'Would he rob me of my endeavors?'" But that silent, sad, significant shake of the head shattered his confidence in his endeavor. It was left to a "poor, ignorant mechanic, who knows nothing but Christ," to teach him to hope, not in endeavors, but in the merits of a perfect Saviour.

FROM THE LIFEBOAT.

Sunday, the 8th, was not only a glorious day to our souls at the Shelter, but was crowned with tangible results, inasmuch as three prodigals came home.

Seven a.m. knee-drill was led by Captain Savage, and was attended by several soldiers from the Temple corps. If any failed to receive a blessing it was their own fault, as God was with us.

At 11:30 came the family holiness meeting, with Cook Cadet Liston in the kitchen. At 1:30 the cadets were called to pray with a dear brother who had wandered, and before going to the open-air had the pleasure of hearing him testify to having again found the Pearl of Greatest Price.

From the open-air to the hall, where a meeting was already in progress, and where another brother professed to have experienced God's saving power.

For the evening meeting the farewell of Cadet Chapple was announced, and from the open-air a goodly crowd followed us to the hall, where a glorious meeting was held. Miss MacDonald had an audience in splendid condition, having been singing old-time Gospel hymns for over an hour. To crown all who should pop in but Major Complin, with his banjo. After a red-hot testimony meeting, varied by two selections from the Editor, Cadet Chapple said his good-bye in a feeling appeal to the unsaved. Then followed the lesson and an address from Major Complin that set souls thinking. Surely the Spirit was striving, and certain it is that a more attentive or appreciative audience never hung upon the words of any speaker. One soul came to the penitent form and claimed the promised salvation. God bless the Major, and may he come often.

What a work there is for us in this part of God's vineyard! We are believing and praying for great things.

Cadet Chapple left for the Lighthouse, Montreal, Tuesday evening at nine.

Thursday evening we are to have a great musical go. Altogether we intend, by God's help, to make the Lifeboat corps one of the best in the city, and, Mr. Editor, you may expect to hear from us.

CADET D. A. MOTT.

CONSCRIPTS OF SADNESS.

O ye beloved of the Lord, who rejoice in the sunshine of His presence, let us go up together to the high mountains of joy, for He hath said, "I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be; there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel, I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God."—Ezek. 34:14, 15.

Would to God that I could awaken all the conscripts of sadness and of unbelief to a realization of the privileges of the believer in Jesus my Lord. Then would be heard a thunder-roll of thanksgiving and joy for the glorious privilege of letting our joys be known. Songs of praise would ring aloud, they would swell and reach to heaven, and be accepted of our God. Sing, O ye beloved, for the Holy Spirit now waits to pour the oil of gladness into every heart. O ye who cannot sing, clap your hands in Jesus' name; shall you help us to smooth the brow of care, and brighten the countenance of gloom. Soldiers of the Cross! hear the orders of the Lord, "Ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hands on, ye and your households wherein the Lord thy God hath blessed thee."—Deut. 12:7.

Gather the Clans for the March, sound the loud timbre until you revive the drooping spirits of despair. There are millions of our race whose hearts are as fallow ground that needs and awaits the culture of our spiritual husbandry.

Give a cheer, fire a volley in the name of the Lord, and let us address ourselves to the uplifting of the fallen, the salvation of the lost, in the confidence that He is with us, and that He cloth every deal with His Spirit, uniting us with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Toll on; be not dismayed; soon the green blade of promise shall appear; many hearts will expand with new found joy, and countless thousands of sinners, moved and sanctified, shall be the reward of that faith which He above can give, but once given, laughs at all impossibilities, and cries, "It shall, it shall be done!" It is now being done!

In the name of Jesus let us pray, O God, most high, put Thy words into our mouths and send them forth as fire.—Jer. v. 14. And may the stable of formalism and all unrighteousness be consumed. "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," Amen and amen.

ROBERT LESLIE VICKERS,
KEMRON, Manitoba.

DURING Sir Henry Loch's recent visit to England a description of India which was given him to read, the abolition of the caste system was one of the first things mentioned.



Mrs. Patterson.
Drummer Band-Sergeant Kanbury.

Band-leader Mamey.
Band-leader Frederick.

Band-leader Ackerman.
Band-leader J. Rosenberg.
Lieutenant Carter.

Band-leader Lillie Ward.
Captain H. C. Kendall.

Band-leader Jessie Shaw.

PICTON CORPS BRASS BAND.

and for ever! No, not for ever—that's the rub.

Leaving the deep ravine, we climbed again hill difficulty, and rested for a while on Zen's brow. At our feet far below we could see Staff-Captain Fry still tinkering away at the fence as earnestly and whole-souled as though he were revising his father's wonderful song—

114 CHICKENS.

"It's the lily of the valley,
The bright and morning star,
Down by the ferns and blooming alicorns
Another group of workers were scattered round some curious arrangement for rolling the swill as it is brought from the town. Mixed with the sleepy grunts of satisfaction from the piggery came the "shrill-voiced cluck" of the rooster in the rear, where the feathered tribe were scratching away as busily as if they also realized it was their duty to provide as many eggs as possible for our city institutions, and to assist the sub-marginal of Toronto.

The hen-coop amongst the dappled shadows of the fruit trees covered many a brood of downy chicks, where hard-by the rabbit paddock to and fro.
To the right and the left stretched the pasture-land, where brown cows were browsing in sweet content amongst the rich herbage.
**THIRTEEN COWS,
FOUR CALVES.**
No wonder we cannot supply the demand for butter at the store, for, "WHAT WE SELL YOU CAN BEAT UPON."
Captain Locke was hammering as usual with an air of "victory or death."
"What are you making this time?" we queried.
"Well, I'm fixing just a small, light buggy to drive into town with."
"What are these big buildings?"
"This is the stable, that the barn, and under the hen-henry. Come in and look. In all whitewashed you see. These are swinging boards in the swill troughs. There are the glass windows to the hen-houses. By-and-bye we talk of heating it all with a furnace, and carrying the heat through to greenhouses beyond."
Everything was delightfully neat and in order, as a Salvation farmhouse should be.
"There are the stables, and arrangements are being made to accommodate more I believe."
So at last we returned towards home, past the old settler's log shanty, and into the cool kitchen and dining room of the hospitable farm-house, where Mrs. Dodd, was setting the table for dinner.
"They all come in so hungry here. You wouldn't believe the appetite the fresh air and out-of-door work gives them," she laughed.

We could believe her as we followed her down into the cool, crypt-like cellar, where along the scrubbed shelves the pans of milk were standing for the thick, yellow cream to rise, flanked with sealers of preserves.

With a last look, our eyes were comforted by the vases on the wall before the door:

"The Lord is Pitiful, and of Tender Mercy."

Then is it true God sees, as someone says:
"With kinder, other eyes than ours,
To note allowance for our faults."

But that cannot mean He winks at evil. No! Salvation by the blood of Jesus for the rich and poor alike.

The wooden gate swung to behind us outside now in the lane. One more look at the Land of Promise, green and flourishing. Ten acres of hay, nine of oats, seven of peas, six of potatoes, three of corn, tomatoes, cabbage, parsnips, beets, onions, raspberries, currants—what else? The War Cry does not know. Perhaps Staff-Captain McMillan might tell you if you want to find out.

THE CROPS.

SCOTT'S AYRES Social Work has had its income from donations doubled this past year. 5,502 people slept in the Shelter, and 2,553 meals were supplied.

Bayfield is still on the move. Since last report FOUR precious souls have sought and found pardon, after proving that the pleasures of this world does not bring satisfaction to the soul. We are praying and living for greater things in the future.—Lieutenant Morrison for Captain ORMAN.

Victoria, B.C.—Another week of victory. Lieutenant Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald led all day Sunday. Good meetings right from knee-drill. At night, two backsliders came home to stay. The heavenly gales are blowing. Look out for something special next week.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

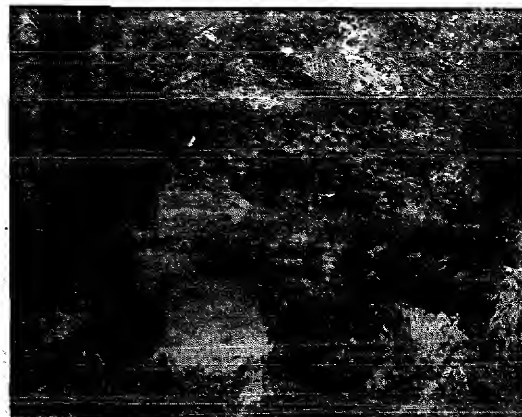
Stratford, Ont.—We are not dead yet, nor asleep, although the devil would like us to be. Our crowds are rather small owing to the free Methodist camp meetings. God is on our side, and we are in for victory every time. Since the Ensign has gone away to the C.P., we have had FIVE for salvation, and ONE for sanctification. Thank God we are on the rise; hoping to send you better news next week.—Lieutenant BARKER, for Mrs. DOWNS.

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

FATHER IGNATIUS, preaching in a church in Lombard Street, gave out this hymn, and when in was ended he slowly repeated the line—

"Demand my soul, my life, my all."

and proceeded, "Well, I am surprised to hear you sing that. Did you know that altogether you only put fifteen shillings into the collection this morning?"



THE RIVER JORDAN.

The Testimonies of the Picton Band.

I am saved and sanctified this morning. I am a Salvationist, and have been this last four years and a half. I only have one purpose of heart, and that is, to urge sinners by my life and testimony to Christ. I mean to despise the devil of ink-warmers.—H. C. KENDALL, Captain.

Jesus leads me day by day and, gives me victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and helps me to do everything for His glory.—Lieutenant CARTER.

After four years a Salvationist, I am not the least bit tired of the fight. I am in the band just to the glory of God and to the extension of His Kingdom. My desire is to be true to the Army and God.—Band-Sergeant DAVERSH.

I am glad that a little over three years ago I made up my mind to constantly serve God, and with all my power to love, worship, and obey Him, and to do all that I possibly can to make everybody else do the same.—Band-master R. ROSENBERG.

Now, there is Band-leader ACKERMAN, he is a young blood; he should go to the front of the battle, too.

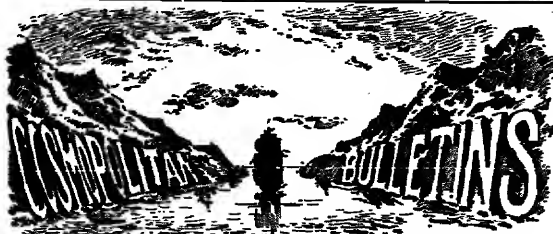
Why I am in the Army and play in the Army and play in the band: First, because I believe the Army is of God. Second, because it is doing a work that no other church is doing. Third, they have freedom and unity. Fourth, because I was converted in the Army. Fifth, I love it with all my heart: I am a Salvationist.—Band-leader JESSIE SHAW.

Thank God I am saved and serving God out of pure love. I am a soldier and a band-leader, not from any selfish motive, but for the Kingdom's sake alone.—Band-leader Mrs. PATTERSON.

I praise God for His keeping power, and whatever I do, I want to do to the glory of God and souls, and to extend His Kingdom.—Band-leader LILLIE WARD.

There is Band-leader MASSEY, she is a gritty, dare-devil Salvationist. If she would only obey God, no doubt she would be to the front of the fight.

A Rev. Mr. James, from the China Inland Mission, called at the Ceylon Headquarters recently, on his way home to England after ten years' service in China. He got converted, over twelve years ago, at the old Headquarters in Whitechapel Road, London. He is still an Auxiliary, and loves the Work very much. This is another illustration of the wonderful way God has blessed the Army.



THE LATEST UP TO DATE.

International Headquarters, London, England.—Arrival of Commander Ballington Booth and a troupe of colored soldiers, Majors, Staff-Captains, Field Officers, Japs, Spaniards, Outriders, Swedes, etc.

The American Congress party arrived in the Mersey on Saturday morning, per that smart Atlantic greyhound, the *Campania*. All the way across the deep, rolling sea, the party, numbering, all told, nineteen, to be largely reinforced during the next two or three days, ploughed away at salvation. Commander Ballington Booth composed songs, and the colored chaps sang them. Meetings were held all over the ship—stween decks, in the intermediate saloon, above, below, fore and aft, under the awnings, with big and small audiences—in fact, it has been salvation 3,000 miles long.

Every day brings some fresh face from the other ends of the earth. A group of New Zealanders laid siege to us on Saturday, and when our representative grasped Commander Ballington's hand yesterday at Sheffield, there was something Atlantic and American about it. It was the squeeze of a man of big faith, with big fights, big victories, and big prospects to report.

The latest about Commissioner-Coombe is that he keeps his staff, as well as himself, well employed.

The Indians and Maoris are running it close. They will just get here in time to be volleyed on to Exeter Hall platform next Monday night.

Night and day have lost their distinctions with many of the staff recently. Major Barrett says hard toil in Melbourne with the sun 110 degrees in the shade is cool compared with the sweating he has had of late.

New York.—If one Commander has been taken, the other has been left, and the presence of Mrs. Booth at the Tuesday noonday meeting was a treat. We know no one more apt at illustration than Mrs. Booth, and she certainly knows how and when to use them, and what particular language to clothe them with. The meeting was crowded, and four snelt before God.

Thursday, the interesting ceremony at Fourteenth Street took place. As most Salvation Army affairs have a habit of doing, the event got into the papers before it happened. The Building Scheme is now fairly launched; the excavations for the foundations must be all but completed at time of writing, and the work will go right along.

Friday, Mrs. Booth led a large and influential Auxiliary meeting at Newark, securing thirty-six new Leaguers.

Excitement and enthusiasm over the Jubilee Schemes is perfectly legitimate; this for the information of the staid and "established." Indeed, the person who doesn't excite and enthuse a little over the occasion must be of a very phlegmatic disposition and must be a very young convert, or else need another dip in the fountain. The various booms are being loyally and wholeheartedly taken up by some, and will soon, we trust, by all, for unless the effort be a united one we shall fall somewhere.

The increasing of Candidates, Juniors and Publications forms just now a triple-headed boom, and one which is being rushed forward by all legal and possible means.

Kingston, Jamaica.—The raising of a Thanksgiving Fund is part of the Jubilee campaign. This we are having in August, and so uniting it to the August Gift Fund. We want by a special united effort to raise £50.

The money is to be used towards clearing the debt of £109 7s 7½d shown in the balance sheet of our Christmas *War Cry*, and thus leave us less fettered to push forward the work in Jamaica with greater energy.

JAMAICA HEADQUARTERS ON TOP.—The Editor reckons that in two years' service in Jamaica, in many ways, she has been highly honored. At one time a D. O. painted sign-boards and helped to enlarge the barracks, at another the Territorial Commander fixed benches in an empty hall, and in her present capacity is acting Editor to a *War Cry*, for which the Territorial leader has cut the blocks. The Editor said to the Major—a frontispiece after this style would be good for the week of Reconciliation! Major agreed, and for the result see the front page—the block being designed and cut by Major Rolfe.

Officers will fill up a form at the close of Reconciliation week saying how many backsliders have returned, if they will become soldiers, or what church they join.



PROMOTIONS.

Lieutenant White, late of Collingwood, promoted Captain.

Lieutenant Mountney, late of Bowmanville, promoted Captain.

Lieutenant Comstock, Western Province, promoted Captain.

Lieutenant Neale, Sandforth, promoted Captain.

Cadet Barrett, late Linger Street Garrison, promoted Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Comstock, to Thorold.

Captain Neale, to Sandforth.

Captain Mountney, to Welland.

Captain White, to Shelburne.

Lieutenant Bureau, to Niagara Falls.

MARRIED.

ADJUTANT TAYLOR, who came out from Hampton, to **ENIGMA WILLIAMS**, who came out from Frankfort, married, at Brockville, Ont.

HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner.

For further Headquarters, Toronto, Ontario.

Halifax 1.—On Monday night we had Lieutenant Pugh with us, the Grace-before-Meet her agent, and on Tuesday night **Ensign Hunter** dedicated to the Lord and the S. C. the child of Secretary and Mrs. Winsett; and in the Sunday night meeting two souls sought salvation.

Territorial Headquarters.

Noon, 14th July, 1894.

The Commandant has been so exhausted, that the Editor out of sheer pity refused to press for the usual Territorial Topics. Our readers have no doubt missed those interesting notes; but we apologize, and will promise by way of making up for the past, one of the Commandant's Bible readings at no distant date.

Mrs. Booth is at the Farm. She is supposed to be resting, but we find that she is doing much of her own correspondence, and thus setting free Adjutant Jones for the office work. Mrs. Booth is also making her rest the opportunity for interviewing many of the women-officers of her staff.

On Wednesday, the ladies-cadets of Linger Street, visited the Farm.

The new yacht is nearly ready for active service—the selection of the crew is almost complete.

Captain Bock, the genial Headquarters janitor, has been appointed to the charge of the Chicken Farm, an undertaking of no small importance, as any person may know who visits the Farm, and sees the great extent of the well-constructed hen-roosts.

Captain Bock starts business with over 500 tiny chickens, not counting old birds and the famous John L. Sullivan, the boss rooster, who fought so terribly the first day he "joined 'em."

The Commandant, Brigadier Holland, Major Bennett, and Staff-Captain McMillan dined at the Lifeboat yesterday. They dropped in quite unexpectedly for the purpose of testing the quality of the food supplied, and expressed themselves highly satisfied with the provision served them.

Halifax Shelter is making capital progress. Major Morris called there on his way back from June Congress and reports good.

Joe Beef is still leading the van in the Shelter line. Cadet Chapple has been transferred from the Lifeboat to the Montreal institution.

Another wood yard will shortly be opened in Toronto.

At the Mercer one evening this week, during a meeting held by Ensign Hills, three beautiful cases of conversion were registered. One of the three, a colored girl, when she got saved, went to the other women still in their cage, and with the tears streaming down her face, begged them to come to Jesus, too. One girl went to the Rescue Home, from the Mercer, back with the Ensign.

WINDSOR, N.S.—God called our faithful comrade, Charles Chisholm, to glory, July 12th.—**ALFRED JENNINGS**, Captain.

God be with those who mourn his loss. Brigadier Scott writes "The baby took sick yesterday; nothing seemingly serious; but last night she took convulsions and had eight long hours of hard suffering. Poor little darling, how she did suffer. About three this morning she seemed to get round and quiet. She appears to be better. We are most anxious for the next twelve hours and earnestly pray that the little one may live."

Jenny raised the daughter of Jairus and why not my little Gertie. I am holding on as well as I can to the promise. Remember us when praying. God bless you much, yours and His always.—**T. W. SCOTT**.

[We will remember you, Brigadier and Mrs. Booth.—**ED.**]

THE SALVATION NAVY.—The Naval Brigade with the smart screw steamer *William Booth*, under the command of the Commandant, will visit Hamilton Wednesday, August 1; St. Catharines, Thursday, August 2; Niagara Falls, Friday, August 3; Toronto, August 4.

This brigade consists of about twelve picked men, who will sing and pray for God and souls. The band will be under the conductorship of Staff-Captain Fry. For further particulars see local announcements.

The Grace-before-Meet agents are telling heavily. Adjutant Magno recently at Picton had the joy of seeing five souls at the Oros.

Adjutant Munton, Captain Oros, and Lieut. Pugh are also having good time. Will all the G. B. M. local agents, please arrange that the collections of the contents of the boxes shall take place by the 20th of this month!

P.S. Read's latest despatch states that at a meeting he held, six comrades signed



- 1—A MODERN ENTERPRISE OF GREAT FRONTIER.
- 2—THE LIFEBOAT. OUR PLATFORM—"Have You a Sister?" by the General.
- 3—DOMINION DAY.—The Commandant Holds his Troops at O'Neill.
- 4—EASTERN PROVINCE NOTES. SELECT PICKINGS. "NOT FOR ME."
- 5—"AN AXE! AN AXE!" ST. JOHN'S FORTIFICATION CHURCH. FROM THE LIFEBOAT. CORRESPONDENT OF BATHURST.
- 6—OUR MEDICAL CAREER.—The Social Firm, Toronto.
- 7—PICTON COUNTY BRASS BAND.
- 8—COMMODORE BULLINGTON. TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS. LEADERS.
- 9—THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE MESSAGE.
- 10—A WEDNESDAY IN THE ONTARIO JOURNAL.
- 11—REV. CHARLES J. CAMERON, M.A., Brockville. DOMINION DAY AT THE ISLAND. TRADING FOR GOD.
- 12—GEORGE CAMP HERTINGTON at Portage la Poudre.
- 13—MR. DR. BARRETT AND THE LATELY MARRIED AND TANT AT BOWENSVILLE. "WAR CRY" OFFICE TALK.
- 14—HOW THEY LIVE. GREAT NEW OF GREAT MATTER. REPORTS.
- 15—GEO. BLISS EVERTON. HONOR. ROLL. COMING EVENTS, ETC.
- 16—SONGS FOR ALL MEETINGS, ETC.

forms of application for the work on this knees.

A cable has been received by the Commandant, stating that the General will arrive in Canada earlier than expected, he will carry out part of his Canadian campaign before going to the States.

The Commandant has been very busy during the week drafting the arrangements for the General's visit. Look out for next week's Territorial Topics for some very interesting news!

The Canadian G.P. party, in company with their U.S.A. comrades, and the Canadian party, are to do a Salvation tour through England.

Brigadier Holland goes to London on Friday on business, in connection with the building the Army recently acquired them.

The Commandant and a party of Headquarters Staff made a trial trip on the new yacht on Tuesday. She behaved well.

Mrs. Booth will visit the Forest City, and conduct the opening of London's new Citadel, July 29th and 30th.



TORONTO, JULY 21, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY, Thursday, July 12, 1894.

THE GENERAL.

We sound, to-day, the bugle call to rally.

"The General is coming three months earlier; I shall have to work night and day." Thus spoke the Commandant as the Editor entered his office yesterday. The news will cause a quickening of the pulse and a brightening of the eye of every Salvationist and thousands of lovers of righteousness the Dominion through. We have a leader who has made the civilized world stop and look at the hand of God visibly displayed in the work of the Salvation Army! We have a standing miracle in the world that is the puzzle of skepticism! All the world has heard the nineteenth century battle cry, "The sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army." Let us praise God for such a God-honored leader, and let us resolve to let him see that we recognize him as a God-sent man.

It is all sheer waste to break

Gen

The Jubilee Message out in connection with territory has been also in other parts of the General's reply to all.

From THE C INTER 10

My COMRADES THROUGH Ten thousand the messages you have sent me, I have received one by one; to send you, in this my heartiest and truest that you will accept I shall often look which your loved me shall doubtless derive in coming hours of strength my faith me to keep going Lord calls me higher affectionate remembrance Let me now send wish you have sent fed desires and pray God for the way, I fullest measure, be I say further in which, in so many different times, I have

1. I want you to —Everywhere you favor of shutting Him when it comes to the lips we have not mouthed attacks upon government of the A our time men simpering treating Him and Him with contempt. "Je —did very well for will say, "but in this and high-class culture very stars, the work an all-powerful, all-g Sovereign." That is comrades, but you you go.

2. Stand by G Saviour of the world given under heaven manner of quacker

alabaster boxes of over the dead and in memory with its frag est thing of the cen completed, and if C man whom God has and head this work every man off with ringing buzza that end of the great Do that will nerve the Army Chieftain to a grand endeavor to b souls of men. Let i faith in God and suc of God in man th like the famous attie hundred on the Mid the battle cry of "Th and the Salvation broke the ranks of Israel over again pri over all their enemy

THE JUBILEE

The six Provinces upon whom, as the C natives at each of vast Canadian field, the great Jubilee pr each fully awake to responsibility of the

General's Jubilee Message.

The Jubilee Message Sheet plan which was carried out in connection with our Floral Festival in this territory has been also used in each of the territories in other parts of the world. The following is the General's reply to all:—

From THE GENERAL,

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,
101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, E. C.

MY COMRADES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.—

Ten thousand thousand thanks for all the kind messages you have sent me. They cannot be acknowledged one by one; necessity, therefore, compels me to send you, in this general form, the expression of my heartiest and everlasting gratitude. I am sure that you will accept it.

I shall often look into the precious volumes in which your loved messages are to be preserved, and shall doubtless derive cheer and courage from them in coming hours of battle and storm. They will strengthen my faith, stimulate my courage and help me to keep going ahead, until the summons of my Lord calls me higher, and the fragrant aroma of your affectionate remembrances will follow me there.

Let me now send back to your hearts every loving wish you have sent to mine, with, if possible, intensified desires and prayers that all you have asked of God for the way, in infinite mercy, and that in the fullest measure, be given to you. And now, what can I say further in reply, except it be to repeat that which, in so many different ways, and at so many different times, I have said to you before.

1. I want you to stand up boldly for Jehovah. — Everywhere you will find a growing disposition in favor of shutting Him out of His own world, especially when it comes to the business of mending it. Perhaps we have not just now so many loud, open-mouthed attacks upon the existence, and laws, and government of the Almighty as in by-gone days. In our time men simply turn their backs upon Him, treating Him and His claims with indifference, if not with contempt. "Jehovah—the Jehovah of the Bible—did very well for the world in its infancy," they will say, "but in this stage of keen scientific research and high-class culture, with our heads reaching to the very stars, the world can dispense with the fable of an all-powerful, all-governing, all-wise and benevolent Sovereign." That is the notion of sadly too many, my comrades, but you must stand up for Him wherever you go.

2. Stand by God's remedy. — Jesus is the Saviour of the world. There is none other name given under heaven whereby men can be saved. All manner of quackeries and impositions are being

advertised as cures for the sins and sorrows of the race. But while you will respect every sincere endeavor made to help the world, you must *boldly and unflinchingly stick to the Cross*, and go on with your song.

"I want no other payment, I want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died, and that He died for me."

3. Hold on to Full Salvation.—Deliverance from all sin in this life is your birthright. Claim it! Live it! Walk the earth in white raiment. Keep unspotted from the world by the power of the Holy Ghost, and go to heaven arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of saints, to be welcomed there by that innumerable multitude clad in snowy garments who, when on earth, washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

4. Love one another.—Not only in word, but in deed, proving it by preventing backsliding, helping in poverty, nursing in sickness, counselling in perplexity, comforting in sorrow and cheering in death.

5. Be soldiers.—Don't shrink the conflict. Acquit yourselves as true warriors and faithful servants of your crucified Lord.

You have the noblest cause possible to contend for the deliverance of the world from the domination of the devil, the reign of sin and an universal, pitiless deluge of war.

You have the grandest of Leaders.—All the world's ways and generals and wise men and great men rolled into one, would not compare with our great Captain, who is *surely going to be the Conqueror of every foe*.

You have a marvellous Organisation.—I who understand it say so; I who know the other organizations, secular and religious, past and present, say so; and every man who knows the government of the Salvation Army, and has the sense to understand it says so too.

You have faithful Comrades.—They have ability and experience and intelligence and devotion. You cannot very well fix their value too highly. If they were for sale, what a royal ransom the devil would give for them! The churches would buy them up let the terms be what they might; but they are not to be bought with money, nor are they mine to sell. They are the property of High Heaven, and all the world's silver and all the devil's gold would not buy them.

You have an unequalled record of Successes.—There are the successes behind, the successes on either side of you and the successes right ahead of you. You have successes in your own lives and in your neighbors' lives. You have successes in your own land and throughout the wide world.

You are changing the destinies of men, stamping the Divine Impress upon the character of coming nations, thwarting the plans and purposes of the young lion of Hell, preparing inhabitants for the Heavens and the New Earth, and generally speaking, making history that will interest the universe throughout Eternity.

A glorious Reward awaits you.—None of your sacrifices for Him and His Kingdom, and His people are overlooked. Your deeds of Daring are in His book. Your tears are in His keeping, your names are on His heart. Your mansions are being prepared under His direction, and your crowns and thrones will be ready when your work is done. Be sure and be faithful—more faithful in the future than in the past. *Be faithful unto death.*

Now on the top of all this, I want again to say *FIGHT, fight for your King*. Is He not worthy of your life's labor and your life's blood?

Fight for your Christ.—Did He not fight for you?

Fight for the People.—Contend with Satan for the bodies and souls of the men and of the women and children, who are going to hell right before your eyes. *Yes, fight for the children—your own children—somebody else's children.* Fight for the precious children.

Attack the evils at your own door.—Show no favor. *"All unrighteousness is sin."* No matter how educated, refined or dressed up it may be. All carcases, they say, go home to roost. So, whether sin rides in a carriage or travels on foot, it comes from Hell, has Hell in it, and is bound to return to the place from whence it came.

Attack the Fiends in possession.—Show them no mercy. If human fiends hunt them to their knees and forgive them only at the Mercy Seat. If hellish fiends get them out of the men into the swine. Drive them out of the sea. Anywhere, anywhere out of the world.

Fight regardless of your earthly interests. Your ease, your health, your life if needs be. Don't weep and wail too much, if you are struck back, and wounded and crucified, by either rapid or slow processes. "For unto you it is given on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him but also to suffer for His sake."

In all have patience and pity for the wrongdoers, seeking before everything else to pull them out of the fire of their sins and rescue them from "the wrath to come." And always think of me as

Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Charlotte Elliott was born at Brighton a century ago. One of her grandmothers was Henry Venn, of holy memory, author of "The Complete Duty of Man," and honored for his grace and gifts. The home and surroundings into which she was born were pious, cultured, musical, artistic, and happy.

From a comparatively early age she was a sufferer, and by-and-by, when forty, became a helpless, incurable invalid. Dr. Oscar Malet, of Geneva, was on a visit at her father's house in Brighton, when he became acquainted with her case. He found her trying to work out her own righteousness, only looking to Christ to make up for her failures, unwilling to trust Him entirely. He is reported to have urged her: "Out the cable, it will take too long to untie it; cut it; it is a small loss; the wind blows and the ocean is before you—the Spirit of God and eternity."

There is no blood in the preceding that never makes the devil mad.

When you get a glass down, never leave him till you have cut off his head.

Nothing but the Cross of Christ can set other crosses straight.

Patient endurance will attain every throne which pleases us in the service.

The veil which covers the face of Fatality is woven by the hand of mercy.

To be unwilling to forgive an offense is to provoke the wrath of both heaven and earth.

Reverence is not the seat of truth, but truth with more steps to the seat of authority.

shabster boxes of precious ointment over the dead and merely anoint their memory with its fragrance, if the greatest thing of the century has been accomplished, and if General Booth is the man whom God has chosen to pioneer and lead this work of grace, then let every man off with his cap and send a ringing huzzza that will echo from one end of the great Dominion to the other, that will nerve the heart of the great Army Chieftain to a continuance of the grand endeavor to bless the bodies and souls of men. Let it be a shout of such faith in God and such faith in the grace of God in man that the effect will be like the famous attack of Gideon's three hundred on the Midianite camp, when the battle cry of "The Sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army" of that day broke the ranks of the enemy and made Israel over again princes and prevailers over all their enemies.

THE JUBILEE PROGRAM.

The six Provincial Officers of Canada, upon whom, as the Commandant's representatives at each of the centres of the vast Canadian field, the carrying out of the great Jubilee program devolves, are each fully awake to the opportunity and responsibility of the hour. There should

be the utmost co-operation between the P. O.'s and the D. O.'s in bringing every one of the schemes in the respective Provinces to full fruition, and the more so in view of the General's recent decision to visit Canada prior to visiting the United States, which will bring him on the ground here three months earlier than as previously arranged. To all appearance the far away West will not be behind in showing its share of the Jubilee program completed when our great leader comes. Recent despatches show that Adjutant Archibald is leaving no stone unturned to reach the goal set before him. We hear he is far from well, but he must remember not only to win, but to live, too. God bless the golden West.

THE NAVY.

The Commandant here at the wheel of the ship is in common with the P. O.'s, right up to time on the Jubilee program. The latest acquisition being a sound, stout steam yacht, a most sea-worthy vessel, which, by the time this reaches our readers, will be in readiness for her first cruise. The Army is making slow but sure progress on the naval line. We hope, eventually to have a good fleet of salvation war ships afloat equal to the needs

of our floating populations the world over. At present our new yacht will be used for touring the lakes, touching at the towns on both the Canadian and American sides, a decent in each case being made on the town and a Salvation bombardment effected.

Two months' *All the World* is the General's Jubilee number. It is a more waste of words to say that it is full of interest and unexpected variety—that goes without saying. Everybody knows that *All the World* is constantly charming and fresh, quaint, and spiritual, both as to illustrations and matter. All absorbing in its powerful force and vitality is the interview with the General by Colonel Nicol, "Fifty Years' Salvation Service. Some of its lessons and results."

Three colors of mourning. It is singular to observe the different colors different countries have adopted for mourning. In Europe black is generally used as representing darkness, death; in China white is used, because they hope that the dead are in a place of purity; in Egypt, yellow, representing the decay of trees and flowers; in Ethiopia, brown, the color of the earth from whence man is taken and to which he returns; in some parts of Turkey, blue, representing the sky, where they hope the dead have gone, but in other parts purple or violet, because being a kind of a mixture of black and blue it represents, as it were, sorrow on one side and hope on the other.

Seventy per cent. of the women who passed through the Rescue Homes, New Zealand, last year, are doing well.



A WESTERNER

— IN THE —
Ceylon Jungles.

**SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE
CANADIAN WAR CRY BY LIEUT.
DEVA SINGHA.**

Graphic Word Portraiture of Cingalese Life.

MAGNIFICENT CATCH OF SOULS.

There are few people who look very dignified when running to catch a train, especially if they happen to be hampered with a bundle, or umbrella, and dressed in a semi-feminine fashion; but time and trains wait for no man, not even Salvationists.

My bundle, umbrella and self did my friend good service in blocking up the passage while he scoured tickets, then like an entering tide they all rushed in, elbowing and pushing like Cockney excursions on a bank holiday, only minus the shouting.

We squeezed ourselves into a carriage between some fat Hindoos with very few clothes on them; in front were some Mahomedans and a

Sober, Serious Looking Singhaese.

I divided my time between a *Darkest England Gazette*, the passengers, and the scenery. Where were my fellow-passengers going? What did they think of us? Their hopes? Had Jesus Christ no claims on them, for they certainly knew the story of the Cross, but what did they think of Jesus Christ? I should have liked to question them. A hundred questions I had to ask, but my lips were sealed.

Out of my paper came stories of alms-suffering, pathetic tales of wrong-doing, and its consequences, struggles against vice and poverty—how strangely they are linked together; the sin and suffering seemed all the more real when contrasted with the

Beauty and Peace Without;

they threw each other into boldest relief, both drawing and repelling.

At about fifty miles from Colombo we were joined by a party of jungle officers and their D. O. It was my first sight of jungle warriors, who are not by any means prepossessing: nearly all young men, with the exception of one, a typical Salvation Army convert, an ex-drunkard Buddhist, who had been a perfect terror to the villagers; but eight or nine years ago he was converted, and has stood true ever since. He had a pair of miniature cymbals in his hand, which he kept clapping all the time to his singing, which was continuous, except when he stopped to take breath, when he would look at me and say, "Glory be to God!" in good English. He had travelled in England and learned a little English, but his impatience of an English Captain asking for a collection was to me proof that he had kept his eyes open as well as his ears; it was perfect; he wound up with a long drawn—

"Lor' Bless You, Ebber' One."

The youngest officers had long hair and short, stubby whiskers, which gave them rather a wild look; some were very dark, others only swarthy, but they had all the same black, star-like eyes, which gleamed and flashed with much rapidity as they sung songs and choruses, now and then with which I understood. I felt how one the blood of Christ tastes all men.

About twenty miles further on we stopped at a little station with a most unpromising and equally unappealing name, where the

local Captain, with his Lieutenant, met us with his drum, which was left at the station while we set off to a cave.

The way to the cave led over some hills, planted with tea; along narrow footpaths, which necessitated us walking single file down across a large ravine, over some pebbly fields (rice fields) till we came to

The Cave, where Breakfast Awaited

us, and I was initiated into the mystery of eating rice and curry with the fingers. Oh, it's quite simple to gather the rice into nice little balls and throw it into your mouth. Just watch some of the natives how they mix the curry up with the rice I did so, but I really could not restrain the tears; they would come in spite of me; large and hot they flowed. "Was I sick?" someone asked in a gentle tone, while the D. O. lay up against the rocks and roared with laughter. My stomach felt on fire, my throat a flaming tube; was there no mountain stream near where I could lie down and let it run down my throat to quench the fire within?

Also, also I in my ignorance I had followed the example set before me, and indiscriminately mixed and eaten the curries. But I have learned better now; experience has taught me that "they bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

After breakfast we walked back to the station and held an open-air meeting, followed by a short indoor meeting in the school-room lent for the occasion. The attendance was somewhat marred by the rain, but the people listened very attentively with eager looks on their faces. The only thing which retarded the outcome, being an occasional gleam of the wonderful eyes.

The road to the officers' quarters lay some three miles beyond the cave where we breakfasted, and hid prettily amongst the trees, but after leaving the cave the way

Led Through the Jungle

and across pebbly fields. My Indian came to grief in the jungle. The trees grow in thick profusion; wild plants, large spreading trees with a leaf like the Canadian fir, houses of monkeys, parrots, and squirrels, and hundreds of lovely plumaged birds, while the thick undergrowth swarms with lizards and snakes, which crawl and circle amongst the ferns overhanging the tiny little streams which interlace the jungle, and their course in some of the swamps or helping to flood the rice fields in the valleys.

The pebbly fields are owned and worked by the villagers.

Damp, Unhealthy Work

It is, especially when transplanting, the workers being compelled to stand all day in the water varying from nine to eighteen inches in depth, while the tropical sun beats down on them.

We had to cross several fields, which is very easy when dry, but when raining and loaded with rags and umbrellas it is quite a difficult task to perform, as a slip means being launched into the water and mud, and no one sympathetic with the unfortunate one, as I found out it was an unwritten law, that everybody laughs at the poor unfortunate.

After walking nearly a mile up a valley in paddy (rice) the leader cut through a piece of jungle into an open space where the quarters stood—a square house 12x14, and walled and tiled roof. At this particular station they were in want of a bathroom. We all crowded into an outer room, thirteen of us.

Ringed Wet, Hungry, and Tired,

yet, withal, happy, in spite of the discomforts.

After supper (I picked the curries) we adjourned to the Sergeant-Major's house to sleep. He put us up in a long room, provided three beds, one for the D. O., another for the D. O., and the third for the stranger, while the rest stretched themselves out on the floor "à la domes." I went to sleep convinced that happiness was

after all the most comparative thing in the world.

Next day was a battle for souls, winding up with a half-night of prayer. Everybody ministered at the officers' quarters for kneed. After prayer the officers were paired off for soul-hunting. The people live long distances apart, and it is almost impossible to gather them together for meetings except on Sunday afternoons, so the officer's time, even when stationed, is all occupied with visiting, and his converts are converted while visiting; when a man, woman, or child is met in jungle track, road, field, or house, he is talked and prayed with.

Whether He Objects or Not.

It was visiting like that the officers were sent to do; if they were offered food, good and well, if not they did without till night. The visitors and the D. O. were led by the Captain to search for a backslidden sergeant, who was discovered in the middle of a paddy field, but on noticing us he left his work and came along to welcome us. Following him, we left the field, scrambled through a piece of jungle to a cleared place, which led up to his house—a well-built place, furnished with a large verandah, supported by four massive columns which considerably enhanced his appearance. The rooms within were large and cool. Almost instantly they began to deal with him about his soul; he seemed hard, then we all knelt down to pray. We prayed and sung, but

No Light.

The D. O. took him into another room, while we prayed; they came back, but still no victory. The A. D. O. suggested that the Captain and I retire while they dealt with him alone. So leaving them, we went out to the verandah, when I began to ask the names of the trees. He looked at me incredulously, and if I read his thoughts right, he was pitying me for my ignorance in not knowing the difference between pepper and cinnamon trees. I explained that I had never seen them growing before, so straight away he began to enlighten me. Pepper, cinnamon, coffee, clove, were quickly plucked for my inspection; flowers, eastern, western, and

Semi-Western Gigantic Sun-Flowers,

little sweet-smelling white flowers. Oh, what a paradise!

But my botanizing was cut short by a shout from within. So leaving our collection, with a little regret, we went inside to find the officers' faces all aglow with joy. The grim-looking ex-backslider stood in the middle of the room with one of his children in his arms, while two larger ones eyed us very solemnly. There was an awkward

pause. I felt unutterably happy. God had gained a victory.

So I pulled myself together and invited them to a few steps of the "light and life." The children fled like frightened hares, the officers laughed till they showed their pearly white teeth, even the grim-faced sergeant relaxed, smiled, and actually laughed, the "bairns" peeped shyly behind the door at the sound of the laughter, but would venture no further. We all sang,

"Gone is my Burden."

and committed the ex-backslider to God Who is able to keep that which He has committed unto Him.

We went back to the quarters to await the arrival of the soul-hunter. It was nearly sunset when the last pair came in with their report of souls, which brought the total up to thirty-two, was then darkness to light, and God alone knows how dark Buddhism is. One begins to understand the true meaning of the word "darkness to light" when Buddhism is looked into. It offers no light, hope or deliverance from sin in this life, and nothing in the life to come. A missionary who has spent years laboring amongst them very aptly describes it as "blackness."

After supper in the Sergeant-Major's house, we all gathered together round the drum, on which was placed a large lamp, the tri-colored flag brought and held over us all, while the last-born child of the Sergeant-Major was

Laid Alongside the Drum,

the red jackets and dark, gleaming eyes of the natives gave the gathering a weird, unearthly appearance, as the little one was solemnly handed back to its better-favored brothers and sisters are right round the world, to live, fight and die for God and the Army. The prayer began immediately after, such praying as I have never heard before. I have listened to prayers chanted in a Spanish Cathedral, prayers by northern Indians in the first flush of their love, to the prayers of whole-souled Sam Englishmen when they have literally

Greened in Their Souls' Agony.

I have seen soul-wrestling by Scotch Presbyterians, but they are all tame compared to the delicious abandon there is in a heathen convert's prayer. They seem to be trying to make up for ages they have been pent-up. There is something unearthly and awe-inspiring in it. Their singing is peculiar—no softness nor expression in it, all "crooooo"—the expression is in their face which are most expressive—now darkening and terrible; again, softly illuminated as they feel the presence and power of God. It was all so strange to me, yet not new. Had I not often read of the early Christians meeting by stealth in the night, praying for heathen Rome.

Waldensians,

in their mountain fastnesses, took up the strain; Scotch Protestants, at the Reformation, followed, till the Gospel has spread all over the Western world.

The praying spirit has taken hold, and by faith we can see the day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the land as the waters cover the mighty deep. God hasten the day!

THIRTY officers, five hundred soldiers, and the increase of the Cry circulation to twenty thousand is the target for the new crusade in New Zealand.



There is no city on the continent of America whose residents and visitors enjoy greater advantages in the way of an infinite variety of beautiful natural scenery and pleasure resorts within easy access than Brockville.

REV. CHA

East Ontario P

BRIGADIER SOUT

Major Complin and Yerville gave us the "War Cry Song" drummed. More followed in for Jesus!

Yes, sir; 'tis quite true! I spent Saturday and Sunday in the house. Open-air good meetings. Danced and comrades. God was glorified, half disappeared happy. Hallelujah.

The Major treated us to the Song "Saturday night."

Yerville/Gem Ngimes acted before, who did splendidly. to get out quick, we shut down our tent on the Market held forth until ten p.m., quite.

Two men knelt at the desk, the other a Roman. later did not come out so but doubt, was sick of his life and never testified to obtaining much for the open-air. Blessings

SUNDAY, SOULS SOUGHT SAVATION

which cheered us immensely, to give us to the greater consolation. Good knee-dell; sent. What about you, you?

The Major gave us a bit of trials, taking us around the style. We fancied ourselves, hope we had better not say, rejoice at the good accomplishment. God speed the Army.

A good wind-up at night. Five came out. "We had made within," and behold I see no mind to have it without as me, who was it that grabbed gave him a spin? Perhaps I'd. Anyway, we had a good day. "Come again, Major."

WHEN, HERE, HO!

Wait a bit, my friend. "All these who wait." So it appears of Adjutant Taylor and his wife were

Daily.

Seriously, and so in Brockville, on Monday, July

The Adjutant has waited a quite so long as Jacob, then rewarded by a good wife and i. gratulations, Adjutant and his wife's blessing on your new wife.

Orwell will miss the Adj. days, but will arrange a great and his beloved. Lieutenant on in the meantime.

Adjutant Magee has arrived.

G. R. M.

agent for the Province. His visit August 14th. If it goes Adjutant should move some



REV. CHARLES J. CAMERON, M.A., Brockville.

East Ontario Province.

BENJAMIN SCOTT.

Major Complin and Yerville's men sang the "WAR CRY Song." Two at the drumhead. More followed inside. Hurrah for Jesus!

Yes, sir; 'tis quite true Major Complin spent Saturday and Sunday with the Kingston Braves. Open-air good; ditto, indoor meetings. Band and comrades worked well. God was glorified, but disappointed, and comrades happy. Hallelujah.

The Major treated us to the "WAR CRY Song" on Saturday night.

Yerville's men acted as Sergeant Brown, who did splendidly. In order for us to get out quick, we shut down early, and picked our tent on the Market Square. We held forth until ten p.m., and then cried quite.

Two men knelt at the drumhead, one a bachelor, the other a Roman Catholic. The latter did not come out so bright; yet, no doubt, was sick of his life and misery. The other testified to obtaining salvation. So week for the open-air. Blessed be God.

SUNDAY, SOULS SALVATION,

which cheered us immensely, and all tended to open us on to greater conquests for the Kingdom. Good knee-drill; nice crowd present. What about you, you absentees?

The Major gave us a bit of warfare in Australia, taking us around the oceans in great style. We fancied ourselves—well, ah—perhaps we had better not say. However, we rejoice at the good accomplished in that land. God speed the Army.

A good wind-up at night finished the day. Five came out. "We had music and dancing within," and behold I see some were determined to have it without as well. Let me see, who was it that grabbed the Major and gave him a spin? Perhaps I'd better not tell. Anyway, we had a good day, and heartily say, "Come again, Major."

WHEN, WHERE, HO?

Wait a bit, my friend, "all things come to those who wait." So it appears in the case of Adjutant Taylor and Ensign Williams, who were

Duly,

Solemnly, and

Solemnly married in Brockville, on Monday, July 2nd.

The Adjutant has waited a long time—not quite so long as Jacob, though—and is now rewarded by a good wife and helpmate. Congratulations, Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor. Heaven's blessing on your union and future welfare.

Corwall will miss the Adjutant for a few days, but will arrange a grand welcome to him and his beloved. Lieutenant Stata holds on in the meantime.

Adjutant Magus has arrived, the

G. R. M.

agent for the Province. His trip is planned until August 14th. If it goes by then, the Adjutant should move something. He lives

far above me, and without doubt, lives with and for God. God bless the Adjutant.

CANDIDATES CAN COME

to the camp meetings. Report yourself to Staff-Captain Sharp or the Brigadier. Hurry up, my dear comrades, time and souls are fast slipping away. See WAR CRY for announcements.

Fare ye well. U.R. quite right, my friend, there is 2 E a farewell of officers on Sunday, July 27th. More particulars later. Prepare.

ONE of the Indian Jubilee Candidates has volunteered for Japan.

ANOTHER of those deplorable colliery accidents which periodically afflicts the Welsh mining districts has wrought havoc at Pontypidd. In one of the largest pits of the country, where 1,600 men are employed, the dreadful signs of explosion occurred on Saturday. Two local reports, a rush of thick smoke up the shaft, and—over two hundred men had been hurled into eternity.

A REMARKABLE case of conversion is reported from Detroit. Husband and wife had been separated for some time. Without either knowing, they both attended a Salvation meeting, in which the husband came under the influence of the Holy Spirit, volunteered to the penitent-form, and when he rose to his knees, to his great surprise and joy, his wife fell in his arms and wept. The occasion was a blessed scene, and the means of re-uniting them.

DOMINION DAY AT THE ISLAND.

Dominion day, with a great many people, is looked forward to as a day out of which they seek to get as much pleasure as possible. Some in one way, and some in another and some of the ways very wrong ones indeed, as is plainly seen by many having bloated faces, bleared eyes and staggering steps, and others returning from their day's outing very weary indeed, feeling that the pleasure sought had proved unsatisfactory and left an aching void.

Among others who sought pleasure on that day were the League of Mercy Sisters, who might have been seen wending their way to the Yonge street wharf and

Boarding One of the Boats

bound for the Island; but their mission there was for the Master, and finding out that it was not against the rules to hold meetings, their voices were soon heard in song, prayer and testimony, especially telling of the blessed work they were engaged in, that of visiting the various institutions of the city, carrying WAR CRYS and heaps of of blessings to the precious souls there. Quite a number gathered around to listen, and evidently were touched and blessed as the moment, help, was asked for the work one and another handed in five and ten cent pieces before the tambourine was passed around. After two hours and a half open-air work, we returned to the city just in time

To Miss the Storm,

with happy hearts, feeling an afternoon had been well spent and something done for Jesus. Hallelujah!

Wednesday, at the appointed time, the door of the Don Jail was opened and two League of Mercy Sisters entered for the purpose of holding a meeting with the women inmates. A little interview with the Superintendent who has charge of the female apartments rather gladdened our hearts.

"How many women have you here now?" we inquired.

"Forty-eight just now; we have had fewer this spring than for ten years," was her answer.

What has been

Your Average Number

this time of the year?"

"About seventy-five."

"And how do you account for the decrease?"

"We believe it must be through a good work being done, and mainly attribute it to the Salvation Army."

"Praise God!" broke from our lips and hearts together, and we started on praying that God would bless this particular visit to the salvation of some precious soul.

As we looked into their faces, many of them very hard looking from marks sin had made, we felt that each had a soul that Jesus loved and gave His life to save.

They listened very attentively as we

spoke of blind Bartimeus and the

Love and Kindness

of Jesus in caring for him and giving him sight, and also of the blindness worse than natural blindness, that of the soul without Christ.

Sister Hoskins sang

"Oh, 'tis Jesus leads my footsteps."

and tried to improve upon them the need of letting Jesus lead them, urging them to surrender their hearts to Him now.

We left feeling that their only hope for this life, as well as the next, was in Jesus, and praying that God would reveal Himself to them.

I am more and more impressed that the League of Mercy is a band of women called of God to do this glorious work.

May He give them much love, wisdom and grace. Esau HILTS.

"TRADING FOR GOD."

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

We, soldiers, owe a debt of gratitude to Commandant Booth, for utilizing the "little store," which was primarily opened by a few officers for their personal needs, and making it the beginning of an extensive business for God: May our Lord Himself take charge of it and cause it to be a means of replenishing His treasury. The commerce of the world has too long been kept from God—altogether apart, as if He had no jurisdiction over it. And, so far as men are concerned, very little jurisdiction He has had! There is one very notable exception, however, right here in Toronto. Our indefatigable Trade Secretary must feel the smile of the Master beaming upon him in his commercial transactions. Verily, his business at the Temple Headquarters is "Ain't for Jesus!"

God Almighty's claims are recognized alone. But, in general, as the Commandant so justly declares: "The Almighty has been too long put off with the prayer-book and psalms for His living in the world." God bless our leader for this "new departure." What a privilege to buy and sell for Jesus! Let us all take advantage of it as far as possible. Those who need to purchase presents can obtain nice Bibles, hymn-books and devotional works, at the Temple Headquarters; also Army crosses, badges, ribbons, etc. Every officer and soldier should have their uniforms made there. How simple and neat is the Salvation Army uniform—it is just a sight for sore eyes—I love to see it, for it speaks out bravely for God. Separation from the world—consecration to Christ—that is what it means.

And as for the grocery store—come on, housekeepers, with buckets in hand. No matter if the co-operative store does chance to beat a rather inconvenient distance from your home. You will be well repaid for a little extra trouble. How! Why, by remembering that you are

SHOPPING FOR JESUS!



Brockville, the Island City, which derives its name from Sir Isaac Brock, occupies one of the most picturesque locations which the lavish hand of nature has carved out for the habitation of mankind.

SONGS FOR ALL MEETINGS.

Marching.

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

TUNE—We're marching to Zion. (B.B. 68. S. M. L., 504.)

- 1 We hold communion sweet
With Him, our God, in prayer,
Then march away down yonder street,
And hold an open-air.

CHORUS.

We're marching for Jesus,
Glorious Jesus!
We're soldiers, marching for Jesus,
Our glorious Saviour and God.

Our hallelujah dance—
Folks stare and call it odd;
The Army ever will advance,
We fight for Christ our God.

CHORUS.

We're dancing for Jesus,
Glorious Jesus!
We're dancing and singing for Jesus,
And all to the glory of God.

We'll ring and dance and pray
As street by street is trod;
No matter what the people say
If souls are won for God.

CHORUS.

Oh, glory to Jesus!
Glorious Jesus!
Oh, hallelujah to Jesus,
Our glorious Saviour and God!

The Calvary Spirit.

BY ESTIE WHITEHEAD.

TUNE—Oh, 'tis glory, (B.B. 82; S. M. L., 233), or, *Clementine*.

- 2 Souls are dying, souls are dying,
Going down to endless woe;
Fill me with the Calvary Spirit
That to save them I may go.

CHORUS.

Saviour, fill me, Saviour, fill me,
With the Calvary Spirit now;
Oh, make me loving, meek, and gentle,
As before Thy Cross I bow.

Worthily honor I'm disdaining,
Worldly joys I count but dross,
That I may obtain the spirit
Thou didst give on Calvary Cross.

Nothing less can satisfy me—
Nothing more do I desire
Than to have the Calvary Spirit
Burning in me as a fire.

Nothing else can win the sinner
From the dark, dark path of sin;
Then, oh, let the Calvary Spirit
Fill and feed me now within.

Let me love the vilest sinner,
With a loving love like Thine,
And may all who daily meet me
Know the Calvary Spirit's mine.

I Surrender.

BY CANDIDATE W. WALKER, SELKIRK.

TUNE—Sweet rest in Heaven. (B.J., No. 174; S.M.L., 321.)

- 3 Dear Lord, I do surrender
Myself for aye to Thee;
My time, my strength, my talents,
So long withheld by me.
I've heard the call for warfare,
The world's great need I see;
Oh, send me to the rescue,
I'm here, my Lord, send me!

CHORUS.

Here am I, Lord, send me!
Here am I, Lord, send me!
I surrender all to obey Thy call,
Here am I, Lord, send me!

Too long at ease in Zion,
I've been content to dwell;
While multitudes now dying,
Are sinking into hell.
No more can I be careless,
And say there's naught to do;
The fields are white to harvest,
And laborers are few.

Oh, hear, Thou God of heaven,
The vows that I now make;
To Thee my life is given,
'Tis for a lost world's sake,
To serve Thee I am ready,
Though friends and foes despise;
I now present my body
A living sacrifice.

MRS. BOOTH

Will visit the Forest City and conduct

THE OPENING OF LONDON NEW CITADEL

— ON —

Sunday and Monday, July 29th and 30th.

She will be assisted by

BRIGADIER and MRS. MARGETTS, MAJOR COMPLIN, ADJUTANT JONES, and the District and Provincial Staff.

FOR - FULL - PARTICULARS - SEE - LOCAL - ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

Part of Jubilee Scheme No. 45 has become an accomplished fact.

The S. S. "William Booth"

has been purchased, and will be CHRISTENED and DEDICATED to the service of God and the Army

At TORONTO on THURSDAY, JULY 31st,

— BY THE —

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH,

assisted by all the Staff and Field Officers in the City. For further particulars see local announcements.

I Will Trust My Saviour.

BY SEBASTIAN MAY LANG.

TUNE—I will follow Thee, my Saviour.

- 4 Once my heart was sad and weary,
And my soul was sad within,
But I came to Christ, my Saviour,
And my heart He cleansed from sin.

CHORUS.

I will trust in Thee, my Saviour,
I will trust Thee more and more
Till my journey here is ended
And I rest on that fair shore.

Oh! the way seems dark and thorny,
And the devil tempts me sore,
But my Saviour is beside me,
I can trust Him more and more.

Now my soul is filled with gladness,
For my Saviour lives within;
I shall meet Him without sadness
When He sees I have no sin.

A Fire that is Burning.

BY BROTHER RAYMOND, KINGSTON.

TUNE—We shall win. B.J. 28, S.M.L. 1, 249.

- 5 In the book of God's truth we can read
Of the hell where the sinner must go,
That you enter it not, oh, take heed!
In its depths there is sorrow and woe.

CHORUS.

O beware! O beware!
That you do not to hell's awful doom
O beware! O beware!
Tis a place filled with sorrow and gloom.

There's a fire that is burning for aye,
Yet no light from its flames ever came,
While the worms for long ages will prey
On the souls who are lost in their shame.

No chance of escape can be found,
Doomed forever are all who go in;
Tis a place where all horrors abound,
The home of the lovers of sin.

Too Late!

BY GEORGE KENDALL.

TUNE—Oh, where do you journey, my brother! (B. J., No. 171; S. M. L., 449; M. S. VI., 32.)

- 6 Oh, where are you hastening, poor sinner!
Stop, think of your terrible fate!
When once you sink down in death's river,
Your cry will be ever, "Too late!"

CHORUS.

Your cry will be ever, "Too late!"
Your cry will be ever, "Too late!"
In hell with the lost and tormented,
How sad is the sinner's last fate!

Away in the caverns of darkness,
From God in eternal despair,
You'll think of the hours and the chances
God gave you, His mercy to share.

The prayers and the tears of the faithful
Will haunt you in hell's darkest night;
You'll think of the sword and the peaceful,
All clothed in their garments of white.

Thank God, you have not crossed the River,
Thank God, you are not o'er the brink!
There's power in the Blood to deliver,
Oh, stop at the Fountain and drink!

Jesus see Dear!

W. JAMES CURRIE.

Robin Adair; or, Fudge, fudge, each earthly joy. (B.J., No. 177, 3.)

- 7 Who gives me peace at rest?
Jesus see dear!

Who made me fully blest?
Jesus see dear!

His love alone can win
Wand'ers me deep in sin.

To him rich joy within,
Jesus see dear!

Who keeps us day by day?
Jesus see dear!

Treading along life's way,
Jesus see dear!

Leavin' for Him alone,
Aye wi' Himself to reign,

Jesus see dear!

Sin-stained, He is your need,
Jesus see dear!

Heal Him me lovin' plead,
Jesus see dear!

Black though the past has been,
His Blood can make you clean,

Whiter than snow's been seen,
Jesus see dear!

Jesus see dear!

Jesus see dear!

Jesus see dear!

Jesus see dear!

Jesus see dear!

Jesus see dear!

Jesus see dear!

Jesus see dear!

Jesus see dear!

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Jesus see dear!

But Jesus can save the poor drunken slave,
He's able to break the strong chain;
For glory to God! His salvation just sets
All sorts and conditions of men.

The swindler, who "lets in" his poor
fellow-men,
When saved, becomes honest and true;
The vilest of sinners, degraded and low,
Are cleansed, lifted up, and made pure;
The self-righteous, too, are made good and
true.

No longer on self they depend;
For, glory to God! His salvation still sets
All sorts and conditions of men.

Waterloo Circle Corps.—On July 2nd
we had an ice cream social at Gillman's Oc-
cean (Bills No. III.), which was quite a
success. The friends came to our help
devotedly; we never remember meeting with
a more generous and kind-hearted lot of people
before. The meeting was reinforced by Edgar
Patterson, Captain McOutehew, and Brother
and Sister Whitehead. God manifested Him-
self to us, and we all enjoyed the meeting
much. We have victory in our soul.—A.
CHESMAN, C. MESSIAH.

Orilla.—Time is passing by, sinners, and we
are people passing away from our midst.
Sunday we had with us an old friend in the
person of Mrs. Andrews (Captain Mahon), the
first Lieutenant of the Salvation Army here;
also Lieutenant farwell for another part of
God's vineyard. The Lord is still working in
our midst. Four wandering sheep have come
back and asked the forgiveness of a living
and pardoning Shepherd, and claimed to have
received His forgiveness.—Mrs. WILLIAMS,
S. C.

New Westminster.—The Lord is giving
His soldiers of Westminster victory.

Sunday, 17th, was a never-to-be-forgotten
day, when a soul, who has been so miserable
on account of his sins, that he's been unable to
sleep, came to the penitential-form, and there
found rest. To God be the glory.
Thursday was an original and practical
meeting. A good number turned out to hear
the comrades sing their own songs. It was
very interesting. A woman saved while our
singing.—S. S. and E. G.

Carberry.—Found a band of soldiers here
who were full of the battle-spirit.

Sunday morning, one soul cried to God for
mercy, and God heard and answered his
prayer.

Monday and Tuesday being public holidays
in Toronto, the soldiers on both the army,
and held open-air battles on the street. Our
two WAR CRY booms, Sister Harrison and
Johnston were not behind, and WAR CRY and
All the World's were soon all sold.

Wednesday, returned from Camp meeting
at Portage. Captains McGill, Keady and
Smith started off, and we had a glorious time.
A shower of rain came on while in the open
air; but one of the friends brought the sit-
ters an umbrella, so we danced and sang, and
abouted our way to the barracks, where God
came very near and blessed us.

Thursday night we had Captain Gromley,
the hallelujah watchman, and Lieutenant
Wilkins, the saved sailor, with us. We all
got blessed.

Barrie.—Glorious week-end, led by our
District Officer, Edna Blackburn.

Saturday night a dear man, who for many
years has led a wild cowboy's life, knelt at
the Cross to seek pardon. Praise God, we
believe he found it.

Sunday, God drew very near; congregations
deeply convicted, and one soul sought the
Barracks.

Halifax.—Largest congregations
and best collection for a long time past. We
are in for victory. We want no "Lenten" in
this corps.—CHORUS.

I.S.—Two little boys knelt and cried with
their mother at the penitential-form.

Millbrook.—God is with us, and helping
us not only to fight, but to conquer.

Yesterday (Sunday) we started with
o'clock knee-drill. Twelve of us met to-
gether, and God's Spirit was poured out upon
us. As a result of our meeting, one soul was
saved in the afternoon, which makes three
since last report.—Captain LeDrew and
Lieutenant NORMAN.

Brantford.—Saturday, away we go for a
monster open-air. We had with us Brother
Jim Wright, from Hamilton. It was a grand
open-air. Some of the comrades were sing-
ing around the ring. Away we go to the
barracks. After an hour's punching at the
devil inside we went in for a red hot prayer
meeting.

At 7 a.m. Sunday one brother said all his
family were saved, even to his dog. 20th June
had a powerful meeting. Brother Wright
said, one time he had to wear his garter in
hopes of the crowd. The band played
they felt shouting happy.

2:30 p.m. we met on the Square for an
other go at the devil. I might say here that
we have captured the champion waltzer. He
said he had a set of wheels in his hand that
ran for the devil, but now they were for God.
4 p.m. the order is given. Away we go to
the barracks. Here we had eleven names
enrolled. See how our numbers are swelling.
J. B. BRALL, S. C.